A Visit to Finland *by C. H. Malmstedt*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS
March 12, 1940

FDR's Double-Entry Bookkeeping
by Robert Stark

What General Graves Knew
by James Morison

You Paint It Red
A Story by Cora MacAlbert

New Masses Is Home
by Ruth McKenney

CARTOONS BY GROPPER, GARDNER REA, RICHTER, DEL

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Between Ourselves

WE RECOMMEND the following paragraphs most particularly to our friends west of the Hudson. Last week we wrote of the inspiring meeting at Webster Hall in defense of NM on February 26. Ruth McKenney describes it in vivid detail on page 24 of this issue. At this meeting A. B. Magil urged friends of the magazine to band together in active aid to the publication, particularly now during our Bill of Rights Fund drive. And band together they did. Last Saturday afternoon the most diligent of our readers came to our offices, discussed our problems, decided that they would organize a NEW MASSES Readers League—a sort of aggregation of our most tried-and-trusted readers who wouldn't let the magazine go under come hell or high water—come bill collector or threat of suppression.

They chose a coordinating committee—to oversee the many activities the magazine projects; they picked a committee to run an art auction on behalf of our fund; a committee to put over a theater benefit for NM; a committee to organize house parties; a committee to give technical aid to the regular, small, overworked staff of the business office. They went at the business with a systematic eye to detail and they mean to make things hum.

They asked the editors to announce their decision to run the aforementioned art show. It will be called "A Bill of Rights Art Auction for the Benefit of NEW MASSES." The time and place: Sunday afternoon and evening, April 7, at the ACA Gallery, 50 West 8th St., New York City.

Another affair they are sponsoring is the preview performance of Hoffman Hayes' living newspaper *Medicine Show,* the evening of April 5. The details: NM has taken over the entire house for that evening. Tickets will range from 83 cents and $1.10 to $1.65 and are already available at the offices of this magazine, 461 Fourth Ave., NYC. Mail and phone orders will be accepted. Call Jean Stanley, at CA ledonia 5-3076.

Here's what they asked us to tell you about *Medicine Show.* It deals with something everybody who ever got sick thinks about—socialized medicine. A lot of folk in the American Medical Association (you've been reading stories about them lately in connection with the anti-trust laws) will not be happy about this play. The firm of Mrs. Carly Wharton and Martin Gabel representing the John Hay Whitney interests are the producers. Oscar Saul is co-author with Hoffman Hayes. Jules Dassin is the principal director.

One more word the NM friends asked us to print: an invitation to other technical workers, stenographers, typists, filing clerks, to come up to our offices to pitch in on spare hours. Call Beatrice Blosser, our office manager, for details.

The above paragraphs were directed at our friends west of the Hudson with a kind of "Go thou and do likewise" implication. But before we finished writing this, the mailman brought a letter from a Chicago reader, whose name we were asked to withhold. "Enclosed," he writes, "find check for $23.35 collected at a card party given for NM. Kindly send receipt."

Evidently, west of the Hudson is getting ready to emulate the work of New York. Do we hear more Midwestern accents?

Every time another spurious "Marxist" sounds off—wailing his heartbreak over the way Marx, the Soviet Union, the Communist Party have betrayed him personally—the liberal press makes a six-day wonder of the business, as though that were the first time in history the faint-hearts abandoned the proletariat. Look at the *Nation's* to-do over the articles by Lewis Corey. Was it yesterday or the day before that Mr. Corey complained that Marxism had been betrayed by the leaders in the Soviet Union? He was the genuine Marxist, by God, and everybody else sullied, diluted, distorted, betrayed the real idea. Now, when it is fashionable to go the whole hog against the great spokesmen for socialism, Mr. Corey goes the whole hog. He, too, hands socialism over to the totalitarians. And the *Nation* beats the drums for its great ideological scoop. Well, beginning in an early issue, NM will analyze that scoop in a series of articles by A. Landy whose Questions and Answers department in this magazine was widely followed.

A few hundred copies of the late Maj. Gen. William S. Graves' *America's Siberian Adventure* are available to those who wish to read the entire text. They may be ordered through the Workers Book Store, 50 East 13th St., New York.

Correction: In our February 27 issue, we printed a map of India accompanying Gerald Griffin's article, "In Darkest India." This map had one inaccuracy: It showed a considerable section of the northern Indian border contiguous to the USSR. The cartographer overlooked a narrow strip of Afghan territory that juts out to the east like a peninsula and prevents any contact between the Indian and Soviet borders. We apologize for an oversight which might cause confusion among people relying on this illustrative map in discussing geographical considerations in the East.

Who's Who

C. H. MALMSTEDT was born in Turku, Finland, thirty-two years ago. He is a radio engineer with the Columbia Broadcasting System. His hobby for the past three years has been flying. He was editor of the CBS employees' magazine, *Under Control,* and later of the ACA-CIO *Broadcast Bulletin.* . . . Robert Stark is a New York economist and writer. . . . Major Allen Johnson was an officer of the 15th International Brigade during the Spanish war. . . . Ed Robbin broadcasts twice daily for the *People's World,* over Station KFVD, Los Angeles. . . . Adam Lapin is the NM and *Daily Worker* correspondent in Washington. . . . The most recent of George Seldes' books is *The Catholic Crisis.* . . . Joseph Starobin is an editorial assistant on NM, specializing in foreign affairs.

Michael Greene

Cora MacAlbert

Miss MacAlbert began her free-lance writing several years ago upon her return from Europe. She spent a profitable six-year stay in Western and Central Europe, the USSR, and the Near East—going to school, teaching, doing newspaper work, mountain climbing and skiing, she says. Since then she has contributed to NM, the "New Yorker," "New Republic," "Coronet," and other publications.

This Week

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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CONGRESS OF THE United States

begun and held at the City of New York on

Wednesday the fourth of March, one thousand seven hundred

The Conventions of a number of the States, having at the time of

misconstruction or abuse of its powers, that further declaratory and restrictive clauses should be

Resolved by the Senate and House of

two thirds of both Houses concurring,

the United States, all or any of which

Constitution: Viz.

Articles

of the several States, pursuant to the fifth

Article the first.

Article the second.

Article the third.

Article the fourth.

Article the fifth.

Article the sixth.

Article the seventh.

Article the eighth.

Article the ninth.

Article the tenth.

Article the eleventh.

Article the twelfth.

Attest.

Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg Speaker of the House of Representatives.

John Adams, Vice President of the United States, and President of the Senate

Wipe That Blot Off!

THERE's the blot on your Bill of Rights. We want that blot off. Do you? We need your help desperately—or else it will remain. You can help us clear the Bill of Rights by sending us your donation immediately. To date we have only collected $4,269.13 in our Bill of Rights Fund drive for $25,000. Do you want this magazine to stay alive—the foremost champion for civil liberties, for peace? The warmakers are creeping ahead; do you want to stop them? Then rush your contribution today and make it all you can spare. The coupon is on page 26. That coupon is your answer. Mail it today.

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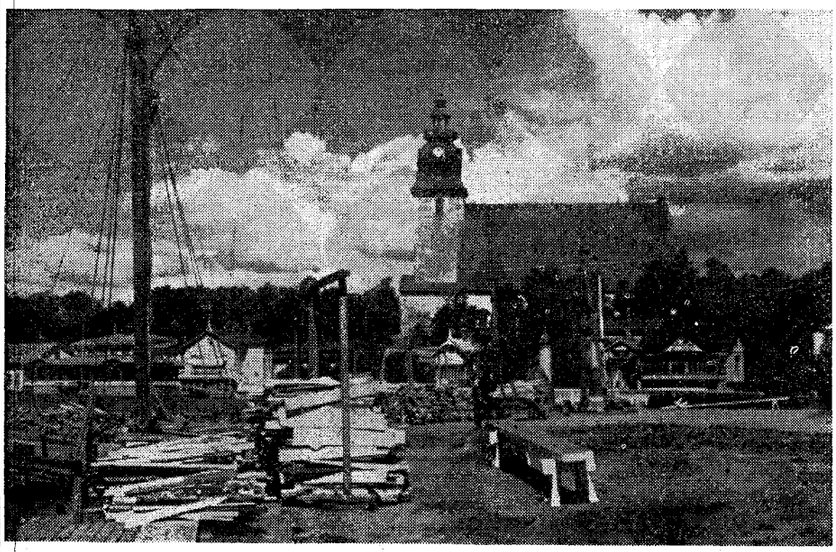
An American in Suomi

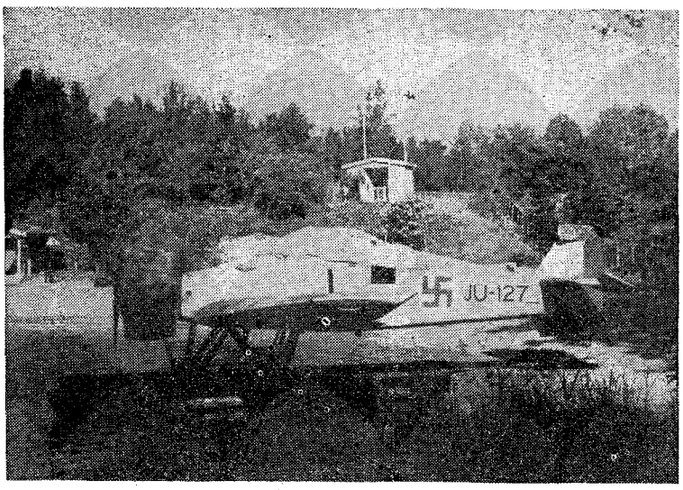
DURING his trip through Finland in 1938, C. H. Malmstedt, who was born in Turku, took these photos. They reveal the fascization of the people and the foreign influences which directed the country's destiny. These directors of Finnish economy and militarism are now revered in the daily press. Nazi political and British financial domination set the Finns on the road to war.



A corner of old Finland . . .

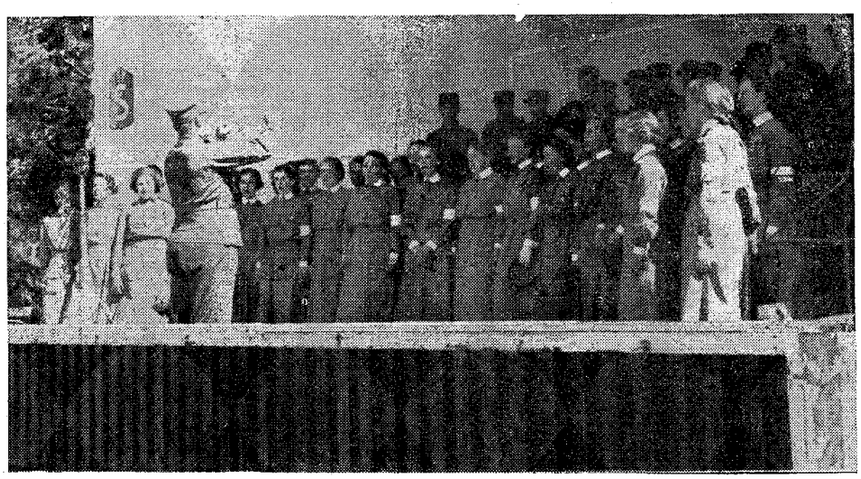
and a corner of the new.

In 1938 the Japanese were popular.



In the harbor at Naantali.

On a Sunday afternoon.



The Lotta-Svard . . . women in uniform.

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NEW MASSES

VOLUME XXXIV MARCH 12, 1940 NUMBER 12

A Visit to Finland

C. H. Malmstedt, an American radio engineer, visited Finland, the land of his birth, while Mannerheim was mobilizing. Here's his firsthand account.

IT WAS a nice sunny day when Field Marshal Mannerheim stopped before me, looked benevolently at me and the huge Finnish flag under which I staggered proudly.

That was on a field at the outskirts of Turku. After the big man had patted my ten-year-old blond head and moved among the school children who had gathered to celebrate his "saving" of the country "for the people," I felt great and proud, and when the baton flashed in the sun I sang the national anthem just a bit louder than the kid next to me.

I remember it as though it were yesterday.

I didn't quite understand from what the country had been saved, and I didn't know until some twenty years later that the big man had saved the country by having some twelve thousand of its inhabitants shot out of his way. I didn't know that, and now in America I don't yet know all about it. But I remember a couple of things that don't make very good sense with what I read every day in the American press and hear on the radio.

A VISIT HOME

One of the things I remember most vividly is a trip I took to Finland a year and a half ago, in the summer of 1938. Considering the reams of untruth published and screamed daily, it seems worth the trouble to mention even this small fragment of truth.

Upon leaving for Finland, I had no illusions about finding the "old country" as it was when I left it. I had heard and read some about the *Uusi Suomi* (New Finland). It was going to be different. I was anxious to see it. Nothing was going to surprise me; I had lived in turbulent America long enough to know how quickly and how completely things can change. It would be interesting. But it would not be a surprise. That's what I thought, but it took no research to discover that I was a good way off.

It came halfway down the Helsinki harbor to meet me . . . the red, white, and black of the Nazi swastika fluttering prominently among other flags from the tower of Hotel Torni. We (some passengers and I) stared with considerable amazement; we didn't know much about the New Finland, but we knew about the swastika. We stood and looked, and those of us who had planned to stay at the Torni decided to go to other hotels. That would do it, we figured, that would show them what we thought of it.

On landing, several of us found a hotel which displayed no flags, and we registered. The next morning we awoke to find one side of the entrance draped with the American stars and stripes, the other with the swastika. We went to a restaurant.

"Guten Morgen," said the waiter, as he handed us the menu. We took it with relish —and stopped quite without it. It was in German. . . . Yes, there was also one available in Finnish, a small block printed on the back of the German one. The New Finland.

I began to remember things, and several shipboard incidents of the day before took on significance. Perhaps this was what he meant when the spokesman for the Finnish welcoming committee turned to a group of tourists (on the same boat, on their way to the Soviet Union) and rhetorized: ". . . and we know that the mellow sun of Finland will melt away all the harsh convictions and differences of opinion the world has heaped upon your shoulders." And perhaps this atmosphere explained why my papers had suddenly been demanded for examination after I had been —to use the words of a cabin steward— "imprudent enough to walk the decks in the company of a passenger who was certainly a Communist."

Perhaps the New Finland was all like that. Well, I would see.

THE FINLAND ASSOCIATION

A monster welcoming program had been arranged by the *Suomi Seura* (Finland Association), an organization to which a peasant later referred as "those blackshirted bastards." The less said about the program the better, except that in leaving we all had the same impression: the Finland Association was anxious to advertise in the "proper" light what might otherwise have been misconstrued by the tourist.

That was the program in the auditorium. On the streets there was another. I found a seat in an Esplanade cafe. In less than a half-hour, I counted eight hundred soldiers passing by, soldiers with uniforms peculiarly similar to those of Hitler's stormtroopers. I sat on and sipped the good Finnish coffee until a young Finn at the next table looked at the foreign cut of my clothes and inquired if I were an American. Yes, I was. Well, would I mind if he joined me? Would I talk just a bit of English to give him practice? Would I tell him about America? He shifted his coffee to my table and we started in; he with a million questions, I with a half-million answers. After much patter about movie stars, skyscrapers, and the New York subways, the young man asked suddenly, right out of a clear sky: "Is J. P. Morgan a Jew?" I didn't know.

"Well," he asserted, "it is the Morgans who cause depressions. They are all Jews!" He went on with mounting spirit to tell me that depressions could be eliminated only in the way he claimed Hitler had eliminated them. "Hitler has the right idea," he capped. "The Jews must be annihilated." When we returned to his questions about America, I happened to mention that there it was not entirely uncommon to see a red flag in a parade or to hear singing of the "International." He had mentioned the "Reds" in several phrases, but so far somewhat vaguely. The "International" was too much for him. He half arose, pounded his fist on the table, and fairly shouted: "The 'International.' . . . No. . . . No. . . . I cannot believe it. If *I* saw them I should attack them . . . I would tear out their tongues."

Then he sat down without apology for his outburst, and continued, red-faced with enthusiasm: "Here we have the Social Democrats, but if they ever go too far the *Suojeluskunta* [Salvation Guard] will squelch them forever. The Guard knows how to deal with that sort of filth. They will help us follow our friends."

FINLAND'S ALLIES

"Who are your friends?" I asked him.

"Japan and Germany," he answered with relish. "It must be so with Russia in the middle."

"Is Finland officially working with these countries?" I hazarded.

"I do not know if it is official or not," he answered, "but they are our allies. Everyone knows that."

I asked him if he mixed into active work in this setup.

"I am proud of it," he said. "We of the higher schools [he was a student at the Helsinki University] have the *Karjala Seura* [Karelia Association]. We will take all of Karjala," he continued, "then with Germany we will march down to the Ukraine, and the Japanese will come from the other side. . . . We will build a bigger, better Finland. And in the north we will take the territory adjacent to Petsamo, and then a piece from

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Sweden. . . . To the Russians we must teach a lesson. They are filthy, ignorant slaves. Right now they must be taught to train their rifles at Stalin." He stopped long enough to wince at that last word.

Speaking with heated enthusiasm of what the Germans and the Japanese and the Finns would eventually do to the USSR, with each phrase he developed new invectives to describe the Soviets. When the waiter came up to replenish our supply of coffee, the young man arose and greeted him in a half shout: "Heil!"

"Heil!" the waiter answered with a touch of professional decorum. On the lapel of his uniform jacket was the reason for the sudden display of solidarity . . . a prominent button with a swastika on it. I asked him if he were German. No, he was not, but he spoke the language. The button indicated that. Did he speak English? I asked him. Yes, he did. Swedish? Yes. French? A little. The swastika button had no company.

Later, when we were leaving the cafe, the orchestra was playing a march. I asked the young man its name. "What?" was his astonished reply. "You do not know it? It is the stirring march of the German Army."

IN TURKU

The next day I left Helsinki for Turku and Naantali.

"What do you think of Finland, sir?" asked the portly gentleman who shared the compartment with me. I told him that the country was as beautiful as ever, but that it was sad to notice the numerous indications of German influence. The gentleman grunted, returned his attention to the passing scenery, and did not speak to me for the remainder of the journey.

That evening the streets of Turku were almost completely deserted, save for small groups of young men in khaki, a sight strongly remindful of Berlin. I proceeded to Naantali, some sixteen kilometers distant.

Naantali, with a normal civilian population of eight hundred or so, was literally a military camp that night. So many uniforms filled its few streets that it was not easy to walk freely. I soon found the reason: the following day was the twentieth anniversary of the *Suojeluskunta,* and a monster celebration was to be held. Well, it was still a nice place. I went to a party at the waterfront casino. Dancing with a friend, she asked where I was going from Naantali.

"To Russia," I said. "Leningrad and Moscow."

"Shhh . . . shhh," said she, with furtive glances into the mob around us. "Please, not so loud. Someone will hear you."

By morning the streets were rivers of uniforms. I walked and observed, and finally ran into an old friend, a native of the country.

"How in hell did you get here?" was his anxious greeting.

"Where should I be?" I said. "I just got here yesterday."

"I thought you were in jail," was the reply. Having heard that I had arrived in town, he had also heard that the previous evening at the casino a chap answering my description had been arrested for showing disrespect toward one of the *Suojeluskunta.*

"Better be careful," he concluded his warning. "You can't say too much around here nowadays. It isn't as it was when you were here before."

That afternoon we went to the celebration. We stood in the sidelines and looked and listened. Speeches were the order of the day. The desirability of belonging to the *Suojeluskunta* was sold from every possible angle. For the support of the old, religious folk: "God is our fort." For idealistic youth: "The greatest ideal for a young man is to give his life for his country. Protect our homes."

As if in support of the young man at Helsinki, in the reviewing stand sat two fully uniformed Japanese military attaches, flanked by the Finnish officers.

THE "VOLUNTEER" SYSTEM

My friend told me something of the *Suojeluskunta;* he, and later many others. The thoroughness with which the Guard was organized was typical of the Finns. Not a stone was left unturned. While the Guard was proudly referred to as one of "volunteers," even a perfunctory investigation revealed that this was true only in the technical sense of the word. "Actually," said one man, "the system is so set up that any young man or woman of eligible age and good health who does not join becomes virtually a social outcast."

As a basis for organizing the women, the military committees had delved into Finnish history, emerging with the tremendously inspiring epic of *Lotta-Svard,* the story of a woman who is supposed to have accompanied her lover to the wars. It is a legend which hardly a man, woman, or child in Finland has missed. So a feminine member of the Guard is now a modern *Lotta.*

I heard more about the Guard. Its influence was infinite in national affairs, military and civilian. It was being supported by most of the business and industrial leaders of the country. Its members had practically a monopoly on the better jobs, on most jobs. Miss A—, a non-member of the *Lotta,* mentioned an occasion when she had signed her name to a petition proposing a piece of progressive legislation. She had been promptly reminded by her employer of the great number of *Lotta* members who could be hired to fill her job. "And if you have no job," she said, "you need relief. And if you want relief, and want the full amount, and want it quickly, you will have to join the *Lotta.*"

"That whole outfit is definitely Nazi," commented her brother. "It is Nazi, and all the young people are too blind to see that they are not protecting their homes, but supporting Mannerheim and his bastards by joining it."

"Are there no young people's leagues on the other side of the fence?" I asked him.

"Yes," was the answer, "there are workers' leagues. But usually they're stymied in everything they try to do. Just a while ago there was an election up north that the workers won by a good majority. . . . And a couple of days later the election was disqualified by the authorities."

"It is sad," said his sister. "If you have a sensitive nature it is enough to bring tears to your eyes." That was Naantali. A few days later I left for Viborg.

THE STUDENTS

To this visit I had looked forward, since all the children of my family were, or had been, students in the Helsinki University. But the visit provided nothing new, nothing different from what I had already seen. It required only a few minutes to see that these people knew nothing more of the fundamentals of what was going on than did the others. Before I left them, however, I had learned several interesting things. The children, though not as righteous as the young man in Helsinki, talked a little: it was a good idea to join the *Suojeluskunta* whether you liked it or not. It was not wise to talk too much. It was not a good idea to join a workers' order. For the girls it was a good idea to be in with the *Lotta.* The rest was not their affair, but there *were* some other things, such as: the study of German was compulsory in all schools of higher learning. There was an active student exchange plan between Finland and Germany. No visa was required of Finns visiting Germany, and vice versa. Students were no longer permitted their political clans, but despite this ruling everyone knew that there was one that did exist—the *Karjala Seura.*

It was the opinion of these students that the *Karjala Seura* was the unadvertised successor to the *IKL* (Fatherland People's Association, a clan of fascistic Finns recently declared illegal). Their idea of this organization's program coincided with that given by the young man in Helsinki: they were to build a bigger, better Finland by marching with Germany and Japan down to the Russian Ukraine.

Other than that, they had little to say. But as I looked around me it became strikingly apparent that what was going on was anything but apparent to the people of Finland. Very few of them had ever even heard of the word fascism, or, for that matter—anti-fascism.

DELUDING THE PEOPLE

The reason for the blindness was not difficult to see. Here, as in Germany, the newspapers screamed daily of great achievements, of progress—and for proof published page after page of pictures of guns and cannon and uniforms. After the Naantali celebration one of the most widely read papers in Turku looked more like a munitions manufacturer's sales prospectus than a newspaper. On many days, almost every day, the *Uusi Suomi* in Helsinki outdid all the others, supplementing its front page of machine guns and rifles and officers with a double-spread center section of

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the same order. I dug up some back copies, out of sheer curiosity, and found them the same, if not worse.

On my return from the USSR I remained in Helsinki for a longer period, but the impression did not change even with an attempt to be gay. Each day it became more obvious that something sinister was happening to Finland, while the people continued to work with unremitting diligence, determined to bring to their country the advantages of modern science. But few of them seemed to realize to what extent they were being deluded. Even fewer appreciated that what scientific methods were being imported were not so much disseminated for their well-being as utilized to bludgeon them into insensibility and numbness. Perhaps the best summary is in the words of a young man I met at the Naantali celebration.

"The poor devils," he said, "working and fighting all their lives, not realizing that they are nailing shut their own coffins even before they are dead. . . . Maybe we don't want Russia. I don't know. But certainly we don't want Hitler. . . . We do want a decent life for our people. . . . It is not altogether intolerable now. But if this keeps up . . . I don't know," he said worriedly. "I don't know. . . ."

That was my trip to Finland a year and a half ago. I recall it well, and in my notebook the remarks of my friends and relatives stand meaningful and honest. Remembering them, it is not altogether easy to decline a recent offer to fly for their Finland. If only it were *their* Finland. . . . But despite the potency of American hair tonics, I can still feel upon my head the benevolent touch of that hand, the man that smiled after murdering twelve thousand people—people like those relatives and friends whose faces I see before me.

C. H. MALMSTEDT.

Mischa Richter

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William Gropper

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What General Graves Knew

James Morison reports the opinions of the late Major General Graves. The experiences of an American soldier of the people.

It is difficult to believe that General Graves is dead. Ever since the war broke out in Europe last September, he had been as vigorously interested in it as the men on the firing line. Not as a military strategist, but as an intense political partisan.

A visit to the spacious home of the general in Shrewsbury, N. J., was like a visit to the headquarters of a commanding general in Siberia. The attic floor of the old house—it was built in 1867—had been converted into a barracks library, spare, cool: shelves around the walls and the little private office in front, with its bare army bed. Here the general liked to sit and bring out his papers, recalling incidents nearly forgotten, pointing experiences toward his measured and solemn interpretation of the world of 1939.

The thunderbolt of the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact was not surprising to General Graves. The old commander of the American Expeditionary Force in Siberia in 1918-20 was happy to tell the readers of NEW MASSES his interpretation of that historic event. "It's simple to me," he said. "I know the British. In Siberia General Knox was the open advocate of intervention. British officers ordered troops into the streets of Omsk on the night Admiral Kolchak took power. They stood by when Kolchak imprisoned and then shot the members of the local zemstvos."

He quite clearly understood the role of British imperialism and its suave diplomacy. He knew what had happened in Moscow during those summer days of last year when the British sent a military mission to the USSR. "They pretended they wanted to sign a military alliance with the Soviets," he said; "but all the while they were scheming to overthrow the Soviet Union, just as they tried to do in 1919." General Graves understood the non-aggression pact because he knew that the people of the Soviet Union were in favor of Soviet democracy and intended to defend it against all enemies. If one of these enemies —Germany of the Nazis—could be counterbalanced and neutralized, that was all to the good.

IN SIBERIA

Why? The general explained this by the story of his own survey of Siberia back in 1919; he had sent American Intelligence officers to make reports and then backed up these reports with a sixteen-hundred-mile personal tour. "The people in Siberia were like people everywhere. They wanted to live peaceably and quietly. The British and the Japanese backed with money and prestige the worst gang of murderous cutthroats in the world. I met them all, Kolchak, Semeonov, and company."

General Graves never hesitated to declare that the American government took sides against the people of the Soviet Union. He clicked off the names of his old associates of the American State Department: Caldwell, MacGowan, Harris, consuls twenty years ago. "They all tried to get me to use American troops against the Soviets. I refused because my written orders were clear—not to interfere in the internal affairs of the Russian people." Knowing the forces at work in that period, he set about analyzing them. After his retirement in 1928, he wrote his famous book, *America's Siberian Adventure*. However, it was not until 1933, when the State Department published several volumes containing papers from the diplomatic files, that he was able to put his finger on the truth. He found, for instance, that in all of the State Department communications on the subject there was no concealment of the anti-Bolshevik and therefore anti-Russian-people's policy of the American government.

General Graves didn't like this policy. "One day in the Library of Congress I came across a report of a Senate subcommittee on the loan to the Kerensky government in 1917. I read it and sent for a copy. You know, if you want to conceal the truth you print it in a congressional report and then file it. No one reads it. But I did. I read the report and found that Frank L. Polk, assistant secretary of state, and Leffingwell, in the Treasury, had worked directly with Bakhmetev, Kerensky ambassador, to use the American people's money, $187,000,000 of it, mainly to overthrow the Bolsheviks. But I also found that not all of the money was so used. At least $123,000,000 was never accounted for. Where did it go? That I tried to discover."

This led him to more conclusions, some quite odd for a West Point graduate, a major general in the United States Army. "It's big money," he said. "Money interests are fighting the Soviets, money interests in Britain, money interests here." It was only a short distance from this point to the home scene. "Take New Jersey for instance," he told me recently. "It's in the hands of the same interests. Even locally, in this county, you see the same thing. Money against the people."

Now, this is all pretty radical talk, you might say. But General Graves thought of himself as a conservative. "I'd like to conserve the people," he remarked. "But what can I do now? I am old, too old. I'd like to get out and help you younger fellows, but I've done all I can. And I can't afford to have Dies or the FBI coming around—at my age." He burst out with indignation, remembering how he had been shadowed in the days of the Palmer raids—until 1924. "Efforts were made to keep American officials away from the Soviet offices in Washington. I knew many fine Russians from my days in Siberia. One day I walked up the steps of the building in which the Soviet trade mission was located, to call on one of them. I said to myself: 'Let 'em dare to stop me!' " He always regretted that he had not known until afterward that a Department of Justice operative attended a reunion of his old command at the Commodore Hotel, New York, in 1921. "The fellow was along about fifty, about the age of the officers present. Someone asked him who he was and he flashed a badge. I didn't know about it until later. I'd have told the hotel management to throw him out, and if they hadn't done so, I'd have walked out myself with my officers."

General Graves watched the development of the Soviet Union with enthusiasm. He knew what was going on behind the scenes, from reports and from friends who traveled there. In 1936 he wanted to visit the Soviet Union but his advanced age—he was seventy-one—made it inadvisable. He read copiously about the socialist land, obtained copies of Stalin's speeches, familiarized himself with the text of Molotov's addresses of last year, knew about the Soviet constitution, and realized that imperialist opposition to socialism was the same as when he commanded American troops in Siberia.

KOLCHAK AND MANNERHEIM

"I've had no personal experience with Mannerheim," the general said in December, just before his first heart attack. "But White Guards are the same everywhere. Geography doesn't change them." While resting in January, he explored the State Department's Foreign Policy files on Finland in 1918 and 1919. Immediately he verified his supposition. Mannerheim was the same as Kolchak and Semeonov, possibly even worse. The British and Americans had played ball with him; they had also aided Yudenitch in his intervention attempt in 1919. About the present Finnish war, General Graves said: "The Soviets are 100 percent right in defending themselves. Look at those airfields, those fortifications. They're not built for defense of Finland. They're built as a base for another piece of dirty work against the Russians." He watched the war develop day by day, understood what was going on behind the lines. "The Finnish terrain and climate are the worst in Europe," he said. "No army can go beyond twenty miles from its base without bringing up supplies and ammunition. It takes time in wintry weather. Watch the Russians go when they get started."

As the European war veered toward stalemate on land, as Roosevelt turned America from true neutrality, General Graves worried. "I can feel war coming," he said a few weeks

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ago. "It's getting hot." Then he added: "He's my commander-in-chief, but I don't like the way he's going. There's plenty to do over here." He read the newspapers carefully, line by line, knew how business activity was decreasing, unemployment rising. "They're bent on war," he remarked. "When war is near, you've got to be careful. I don't see how it can be averted." That was in January. In February the American Youth Congress convened in Washington. "I heard Roosevelt's speech on the radio," the general said. "It was a shame to treat those young people that way. He's trying to shut them up, to get them into war." But the general also read John L. Lewis' speech and felt the power in it. "There may be a chance of keeping out of war, if the people make up their minds in time."

When General Graves suggested that excerpts from his book be published in NEW MASSES, he knew that his days were few. "It's all in there," he said. Up in his little office he discussed the idea of condensing the book into a 5-cent pamphlet. "I'd like millions of people who never read about the intervention to read my book," he said. If he could have published another volume, on the Kerensky loan, showing the connection between Wall Street and intervention, he would have completed his life's work.

NOT A BOLSHEVIK

Was General Graves a Bolshevik, as his enemies charged in 1920 and thereafter? His most decisive statement was "Where the Communists are for justice, I'm for them." That was last September, when so many people were accusing the American Communist Party of subservience to Moscow. To him, Moscow's government meant the government chosen by the people of the Soviet Union. He was a people's general, for people everywhere, whether in Russia or in America—and therefore on the side of those who loyally fought the people's battles. Conversely his statement meant, if the Communists were not for justice, he was against them.

No study of General Graves would be complete without reference to his boyish satisfaction at the solid substance of his understanding of the world. "If I had never gone to Siberia, I wonder if I'd have been like this," he said. Then he told anecdotes about startling his fellow officers with a defense of the Soviets, or an attack on the White Guards. "They look at me as if to say, 'Graves is mad.' But I just look back and say, 'I was there. I know the truth. You don't. I've got the proof. You haven't.' " In his relations with fellow officers he was frank about his views. He knew what this frankness had cost him in the past, for, upon his return from Siberia in 1920, the Army was split into pro- and anti-Graves groupings. His old chief of staff, Peyton C. March, had backed him to the hilt in the Siberian controversies. Graves admired and loved March who, he believed, was a fair and forthright American military leader.

General Graves worried about the younger officers of the Army—the political officers, as he called them. "In my days, the Army stood aside in political disputes. It was non-partisan in internal politics. Now too many Army officers like the fascist idea." As for the enlisted men, here was one general who cared for them, understood them, protected them. "Back in the Philippine days, I used to go out with my men, sleep with them on the floor of huts, forage with them for supplies. Never could see any use for too much gold braid. And anyhow, when you go into action, officers and men soon find they're all human together. . . ." In Siberia he protected his men diligently, cared for their personal comfort. He also defended their rights, engaging in bitter disputes with the Japanese and White Guards because they had fired at American troops or had held them up for examination at the point of a bayonet. One of the general's great stories was of his successful efforts to keep arms from Kolchak, arms paid for by American money. "No question about it," he said, "he would have used the guns to kill Americans." With that point of view he had plunged into a wordy war which had ramifications right into the council of the Big Four, Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando, then meeting in Paris. Kolchak didn't get the arms. He collapsed and the Soviets took over Siberia. Formal charges were brought before the Big Four by the British, who accused General Graves of favoring the Bolsheviks—not in so many words, but by implication. But March and Secretary of War Newton D. Baker said General Graves was doing his duty as he saw it, and according to orders. There the case rested.

But not permanently. General Graves never rested, until his dying day, in his struggle for the people. He helped organize the Siberian veterans into an American Legion group. A few years ago, they visited him in lovely Shrewsbury; Mrs. Graves spread a picnic lunch and the general sat down and munched sandwiches and listened as the boys sang the old Russian songs they had learned from the simple, honest, peaceful Siberian peasants.

These veterans of Siberia loved General Graves. At the last Legion convention, they sent him a scroll stating that they understood and supported his position in Siberia—a position for the people—like Lincoln's.

REMINISCENCES

Many were the anecdotes the general told as the winter passed, his last winter of life. About the White Guard generals who asked him to meet them at the railroad station in Vladivostok, where he would receive something of interest. "A bribe, I suppose!" he laughed. "I didn't go." About the women agents who wrote him asking for rendezvous—whom he met, cross-examined, and told to go their way. About the time he fought for the rights of Negro officers to promotion—and, as secretary to the chief of staff, won those rights over the heads of a commission which decided against the Negroes. "I said, if eleven million Negro Americans are to support us in the war, we've got to give them the rights guaranteed them in the Constitution."

He gloried in the acclaim won by his official statement on this subject. A Negro newspaper published it and it was reprinted, in leaflet form, and distributed to Negroes all over America. This was at the very time when Negro regiments in Texas were rebelling at the treatment meted out to them by the same War Department of which General Graves was the outstanding liberal commander.

Sometimes his memory would drift to the old days of the Texas frontier where he was born and grew up: his father's cattle ranch, young William and his brothers riding the range to find long-horns with the Graves brand. Horse-swapping, at which he was never any good—always got the wrong end of the deal while his father roared with laughter at the tall blue-eyed David Harum with solid hands and square shoulders. Memories of West Point days and his classmates, and how much more democratic the Army was then, before imperialism dawned upon America and the Spanish war was fought. Of days when he was posted at Salt Lake City, how he bought a skinny little horse, fed it into strength and beauty, only to find that it was a mean creature which tried to toss and trample upon him. That horse seemed to him a symbol of the forces opposed to the people. Mean forces, greedy ones.

To arrange for republication of excerpts from his sensational *America's Siberian Adventure* was the general's last offensive. For, even as his heart wore out, he kept fighting. He knew no order to retreat. On Tuesday of last week General Graves was to discuss further details of this republication. After his breakfast he lay back in bed to read the New York *Times*. The radio was on, but he seldom listened. ("Those commentators pour out a lot of rubble," he once said.) He was reading about the war when the heart attack came. There were sharp pains. He called Mrs. Graves, that alert, white-haired lady who had been his companion for forty-nine years. She was a soldier too, brave in face of the physical dissolution which now hovered over her beloved husband. Pain wracked the general's tall, vital body. A physician was called. A hypodermic sent the general to sleep. . . .

Mrs. Graves said: "He wanted the publication to go on. . . ." She glanced around the living room and tears filled her eyes as she saw his favorite chair, empty. This had been, since his retirement, their home.

He was an American of the frontier past, bringing frontier democracy back into modern, complex, decadent capitalist America. A pure breeze from the old Southwest. One who, like General Jackson, used simple honesty of judgment as a divining rod in the search for truth. An American who rests now in Arlington, where there should rise over his head a monument inscribed: "WILLIAM S. GRAVES—1865-1940—THE PEOPLE'S GENERAL."

JAMES MORISON.

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FDR's Double-Entry Bookkeeping

What the figures show. The poorer people assume more of the burden. Gambling on a war to get out of the red. The bureaus change their functions.

THERE'S a hard dictum we have in America; we say, "Money talks." When the mask slipped on that rainy afternoon in Washington and Roosevelt revealed himself to American youth (and to all others truly adult), he was only repeating what he had already said in another form. For the fiscal program presented to Congress on Jan. 4, 1940, put a smooth surface on the road which this administration has been traveling since last summer.

A federal budget is a compilation of fantastic sums. Only by comparing the expenditures allotted for one year with those for another can we determine the administration's direction. Nor can we discern the full extent of the change without considering the altered functions of government agencies whose transformation is not reflected in the budget. For example, the State Department is today aggressively involved in the advancement of Yankee imperialism; Sumner Welles has been released from bulldozing Latin America for his Grand Tour on behalf of an anti-Soviet "peace." Yet the appropriations for the Department of State are actually $2,000,000 less for the fiscal year 1941 than for 1940. Finally, since our White House budgeteer is a confirmed practitioner of double entry bookkeeping, we must examine the sources of federal income as well as the expenditures to determine on whom the burdens fall, and who are the beneficiaries.

PURCHASING POWER

Since the budget is a measure of the concern with General Welfare, it may be well to take a perspective on the Roosevelt administration in terms of its approach to the problem of restoring mass purchasing power. Its history may be divided into three phases, although we are concerned here with the last and current aspect. In each period it was responsive to the pressures upon it; at no time did it wholly desert its function in the capitalist state. There were the years of the NRA when the effort to rebuild mass purchasing power was entrusted to business with the government's aid, supervision, and guidance. There was the true New Deal period when, with all the hesitations and backsliding, it was the government which, in the main, bolstered up the sag in consumption. In the present phase, the government is withdrawing its support. It is offering some incentives to business to create employment with expanded war preparations. It is gambling on the war to take up the slack.

When he presented the budget to Congress, the President said, "We must not only guard the gains we have made, but we must press on to attain full employment for those who have been displaced by machines as well as for the five million net addition to the labor force since 1929." If Roosevelt studies the testimony before the Monopoly Committee (TNEC) he will not dare predict jobs in private industry for the unemployed, about ten million today. Yet he slashes work relief by $500,000,000. Colonel Harrington is authority for the statement that of the 775,000 workers dropped from WPA in July and August 1939 under the eighteen-month dismissal rule, 87 percent were still without jobs in November. The new budget will throw 1,150,000 more workers off WPA rolls in the next eight months.

The Public Works Administration has given employment to thousands directly, and indirectly to many more. Yet the budget reduces its appropriation to $117,000,000 from $373,000,000 for the year ending June 1940, and $408,000,000 actually spent in the fiscal year 1939. As projects are completed, workers will be fired. In December 1939, 170,000 workers were employed on PWA construction projects. This number already represented a reduction of 34,000 from November; it is 46,000 under December 1938. According to the Department of Labor, payrolls on projects financed wholly or partially from federal funds were $50,000,000 less for December 1939 than for December 1938. Employment was 800,000 less, comparing the two end-of-year months, including WPA and NYA.

Consider these figures and then recall the President's Fireside Chat of June 24, 1934, when he was charming the radio frequencies with a recital of what the administration was doing "toward saving and safeguarding our national life." Mr. Roosevelt said:

> **The first was relief, because the primary concern of any government dominated by the humane ideals of democracy is the simple principle that in a land of vast resources no one shall be permitted to starve. Relief was and continues to be our first consideration.**

Aids to agriculture are reduced in this budget by more than $400,000,000. The administration of the Farm Tenant Act, which received a bare $41,000,000 for the current year, is cut $7,000,000. The sums allotted here for restoring the tenant farmers to land of their own are so meager in relation to the magnitude of the problem that they can be compared only to the baker's dozen of hospitals which Roosevelt has substituted for the Wagner Health Act. The surplus crop disposal program is cut some $33,000,000 and the stamp plan will be seriously hampered. Aid to farm labor and parity payments are both sharply reduced.

This, in the face of no greater receipts by the farmers and rising costs for what the farmer has to buy. In the face too of a steadily growing number of dispossessed and heavily mortgaged farmers—practically half of America's tillers of the soil are working today as tenants. Mr. Roosevelt told Congress that there was a "gratifying general increase in farm income." Actually, however, if we eliminate government payments, the index of cash farm income for the first eleven months of 1939 was 68.4; lower, in other words, than the 69.5 for the same period in 1938.

The drought and the destruction of winter wheat call for emergency loans now, but the budget withdraws practically all appropriations for next year to the Farm Credit Administration and relies upon collections of old loans to farmers. The only explanation of reduced aid to the farmers is the President's expectation of skyrocketing farm prices as a result of Anglo-French demand. The speculators will profit far more than the farmers, should prices rise. But our rural population will undoubtedly read with relish the reports of higher prices on the commodity exchanges well after their crops have been sold at the "lows."

For America's young people the present administration has always trumpeted its special solicitude. But the NYA is to be given $12,000,000 less, and the CCC is reduced by $60,000,000. Oddly enough, the "regular" appropriation for the War Department is increased by exactly $60,000,000, obviously inviting the unemployed youth to join the army.

This budget, when compared with its predecessors, reveals sharply reduced government support to workers, farmers, and the young people. Before big business it dangles the plum of $1,800,000,000, an increase of $300,000,000, for the Army and Navy. The Maritime Commission gets $150,000,000, full $50,000,000 more, for building and buying ships in the game of capturing the sea lanes from Great Britain. Shipbuilding, aircraft construction, instrument makers are busy and some employment gains are registered here. But rising prices, continued mass unemployment, reduced relief and farm aid, foreshadow the blows which the workers and farmers will suffer, as well as the small independent merchants and the vast majority of professional men and women.

LESS AID TO YOUTH

Examine this budget as an indicator of the administration's concern with the social, health, and cultural needs of the people. Aid to youth is cut. That reduces the number of students in the high schools and colleges who attend only with NYA support. The Wagner Health Bill was given the *coup de grace* even before the New Year. You will

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search in vain for increased hospital or medical aid. The Federal Arts Project was killed by the same Congress whom the President now outdoes in "economy." Federal Housing had never been more than pitifully inadequate, but we seemed to be making gains. Now a quietus on government-supported housing is in prospect. Roosevelt's response to the demand for low-cost homes can be found in his Budget Message: ". . . the starting of important new projects has had to be postponed and the purchase of new land has had rigidly to be limited."

The budget does not tell the whole story. It is the framework which apportions the degree of support that each division and bureau of the state apparatus will receive. The bureaucracy is the budget in action. It is itself a sign of capitalist decay that government bureaus multiply as they have in the past eleven years. Long ago Engels pointed out that an increase in the organs of force within the state corresponds to the intensity of the class struggle and the imminence of wars of conquest.

Those who would be lulled with the nursery theory that the state is some impartial entity above, and impervious to, the antagonisms within society may try to satisfy themselves with the explanation that the more complex our civilization grows, the more intricate its machinery must become. Strangely enough, the reverse is true in industry, for example. There are fewer and fewer workers for more and more complex machinery. But the state is not merely an organ of supervision and centralized bookkeeping. It is the form of class power, what Lenin calls "the organ of class domination, the organ of oppression of one class by another." Its very existence is a confession that society has become hopelessly divided against itself, has entangled itself in irreconcilable contradictions.

ROOSEVELT'S BUREAUCRACY

The bureaucracy under Roosevelt has played three roles in relation to the class forces in America. First, the attempt to regiment labor and the farmers, an effort to rescue business. Second, a program of enlightened and, on the whole, progressive amelioration of social needs. Third, the present day assault upon social, economic, and civil rights in the drive toward war.

Faced with the crisis at its depth, the first step was the National Industrial Recovery Act. Its code authorities smacked strongly of Mussolini's "corporations." It relaxed the anti-trust laws and skyrocketed prices and profits. But the handout to labor in Section 7A became a call to organization which this country had never before seen.

Having rescued the banks and industry from the quicksands, Roosevelt found himself the object of their attack. For with their treasuries replenished, corporations saw a threat to further unlimited profits in the growing strength of labor. It became necessary for business to scuttle the NRA, and the Supreme Court decision followed. For a while the code authorities persisted. Then, as they expired, there came into being the many-celled structure of the Works Progress Administration, the Social Security Board, the National Labor Relations Board, the National Youth Administration, and many other New Deal agencies.

Renewed business profits emboldened capital. The administration in the years 1935 to 1938 was dependent upon popular support and strengthened by the people's militant defense of democracy, the articulate fight for increased social benefits and for better working and living conditions. The CIO, the Workers Alliance, the many progressive voices in the AFL, the emergence of Labor's Non-Partisan League and the Farmers Union—these helped carry the administration in a progressive direction. The budgets of those years reflected this trend, as they reveal also the pressures upon, and the hesitancies within, the government. The bureaucracy was, in the main, following a progressive course.

TEMPORARY BALANCE

For a short time, some balance was achieved. "At certain periods," Engels has pointed out, "it occurs exceptionally that the struggling classes balance each other so nearly that the public power gains a certain degree of independence by posing as the mediator between them." Organized labor won a new status, collective bargaining became the lawful right of workers, relief and work projects (never really sufficient) were available in some measure to a majority of the unemployed, housing and health programs were at long last discussed. Economic royalists came in for a roasting. The country seemed headed into the possession of its rightful owners, the people.

Yet even during this progressive phase, the New Deal era, there were abundant signs of the administration's essential nature as "the state of the most powerful economic class that by force of its economic supremacy becomes also the ruling political class." We lived in a democratic capitalist republic in the days of a world-embracing crisis, in the period of imperialism gone berserk. It is enough to recall the soft-pedaling of any real investigation and prosecution of monopolies, the "plague on both your houses" attitude during the Little Steel Strike of 1937, the embargo on republican Spain, the solicitude in granting a "breathing spell" to business which led to the 1937-38 debacle.

In other words, the administration was never wholly progressive, and there were whole branches of the bureaucracy which never really subscribed to the New Deal, among them the Department of Justice, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the State Department, the Maritime Commission, to say nothing of the brass hat setups in the War and Navy Departments.

Even within the more liberally guided departments there were entire sections dominated by reactionaries. A case in point is the Bureau of Mines in the Department of the Interior. Its chief, Dr. John W. Finch, was only recently forced by Secretary Ickes to resign. Both coal-mine inspection and an oil conservation program were impeded by Dr. Finch, admits *Business Week* (Feb. 3, 1940). The resignations of confirmed Wall Street proteges from the Treasury Department as they were defeated at various stages of the New Deal program, are another illustration.

Nor should it be forgotten that the War Department prepared its M-day plans at the very zenith of Roosevelt's quest for "the greatest good to the greatest number of our citizens."

As Lenin warned in *State and Revolution,* it is easy to revert from a capitalist republic of the parliamentary type to a reactionary regime because "all the machinery of repression is left undisturbed—army, police, bureaucracy." This change is rendered all the more possible by the very fact that the

The Dove

Sumner Welles was a big, strong man
With a most dependable deadfish pan;
He'll win peace
—if any man can.

"Sumner, my boy,"
Said Franklin one day,
"Take the next boat to Europe,
I'll pay your way."

Sumner Welles was a big, strong man
With a most dependable deadfish pan;
He'll stop the war
—if any man can.

"Tell those ninnies
To close up ranks;
Tell them about our loans,
Tell them about our Yanks."

Sumner Welles was a big, strong man
With a most dependable deadfish pan;
He'll minimize the war
—if any man can.

"Get yourself a passport,
Never mind Cahill;
If there's any trouble,
I'll put up the bail."

Sumner Welles was a big, strong man
With a most dependable deadfish pan;
He'll localize the war
—if any man can.

"But get on over to Europe,"
Said FDR.
"Tell 'em we're for peace—
A piece of the USSR."

Sumner Welles was a big, strong man
With a most dependable deadfish pan;
He'll save capitalism
—if any man can.

W. B. CAHN.

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bureaucracy, on whose good will the hopes of the masses depend, itself prevents the people from "taking a direct part in the democratic upbuilding of the governmental activity from below."

As the outbreak of the European war became a matter of months, the character of the governing apparatus underwent a transformation. The form of the bureaus and departments remained the same, *but their functions took a new direction.* When the "line" in the budget for the FBI is almost doubled, we know what that presages in Red-hunts and attacks on civil rights. Nothing will be cut from the appropriation for the National Labor Relations Board. But Wall Street has turned on the heat. Some officials and whole departments are unwilling to yield to the pressure. So, if the NLRB has been interpreting the Wagner act impartially, that is enough to condemn it. If the Wages-and-Hours Administration intends to carry out its lawful functions, that must be smashed. Another Leiserson there and a "satisfactory" board here; these will do the trick.

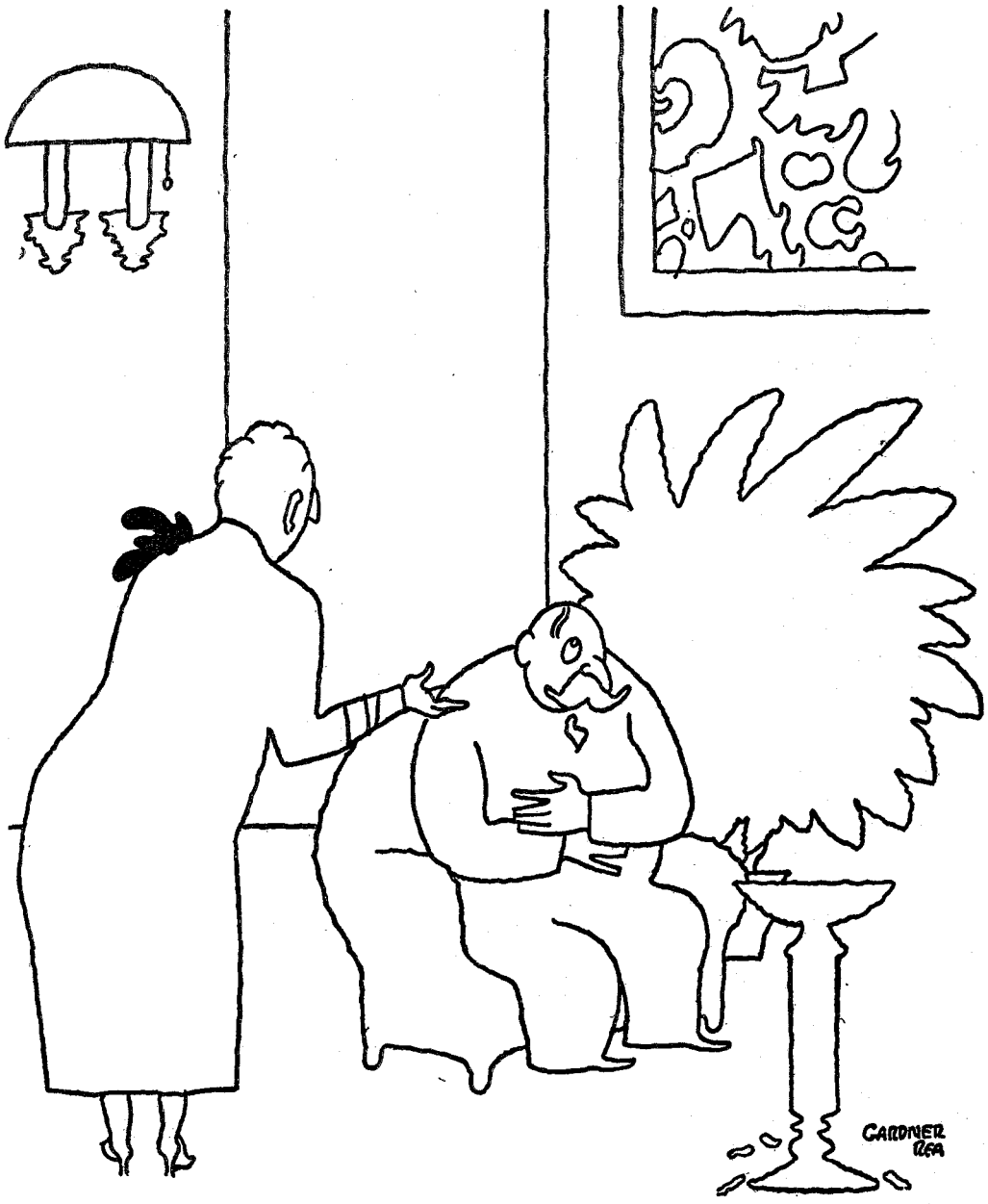
The State Department advanced the interests of American imperialism under the velvet glove of the good neighbor policy while Roosevelt was saying that "the day of enlightened administration has come." Today the mailed fist shows. The RFC was happy in its Lady Bountiful role for big business. Today Mr. Jesse Jones is "encouraging commerce" by lending money to Mannerheim.

Under Frank Murphy the Department of Justice proved that not even five volumes of Roosevelt's reassuring speeches can be a barricade for fundamental democratic rights. But Robert Jackson must carry on, and Thurman Arnold has discovered new techniques for attacking the trade unions which he scorned in his *Folklore of Capitalism.*

FINANCE CAPITAL'S MEN

Liberals, progressives, even radicals were invited into the New Deal departments. But that did not obscure the open role of the direct representatives of finance capital in the New Ordeal. It was Stettinius of J. P. Morgan & Co. and U. S. Steel who headed the War Resources Board. It is Myron C. Taylor of U. S. Steel who goes as Roosevelt's envoy to the Vatican. It is the well heeled Mr. Davies who relinquishes his Brussels post to sit in the State Department. Joe Kennedy of the Court of St. James never was a New Dealer, but he was always a Wall Street man. Big business is putting in its own repair men to gear the bureaucracy to its wartime tasks.

In these six months just past, the decorative tinsel of the platform has been torn away and the ugly framework underneath revealed. We may not forget that this administration sponsored the authoritarian codes of the NRA. We may not overlook its strikebreaking activities during the auto workers' early negotiations in 1934, or Hugh Johnson's role in the West Coast strike of 1934. Labor mediation can be the first step toward compulsory arbitration—perhaps that is why the Department of Labor gets more money in the budget. "The President himself stressed the lack of mediating power when he signed the bill which brought the NLRB into being," reminds *Business Week* (Feb. 3, 1940).



Gardner Rea

MAJOR NERTZ OF THE FASCIST SHIRTS

"Perhaps, darling, it isn't smoking that's making you sick. Perhaps it's Herbert Hoover."

The bureaucracy then *is* the budget in action. But it is not enough to show how the money is spent, for what purposes, and which classes are favored, which harmed. The budget for the fiscal year 1941 has added to the national debt another $1,800,000,000, raising the gross national debt to $45,000,000,000 on July 1, 1941. Not only must the sums for the year's expenditures be raised, but the debt too is being paid for in added taxes. Certainly spending is defensible when it goes for the welfare of the common people. But this budget must be fought because it is spending less for the workers and farmers, and more for the advancement of American imperialism. Who would raise a whisper against taxation on the wealthy individuals and corporations? But the cost of this budget will be borne by those least able to shoulder its weight, by those whose standard of living it will lower.

In the analysis of federal income made by the Labor Research Association, in its *Labor Fact Books,* the rich contributed 63 percent in 1928-29 and the rest of the people 37 percent. By 1936-37 the share of the wealthy was only 44 percent but the working class and lower middle class groups were paying 56 percent. The present budget extends this disproportion; close to 60 percent of the cost will be paid by those least able to afford it.

The larger the national debt the heavier the taxes on the common people's shoulders; the more bloated the interest payments; the richer the coupon clippers; and the more powerful the great banks. As Marx put it with his cool irony, "The only part of the so-called national wealth that actually enters into the collective possessions of modern peoples is—their national debt."

ROBERT STARK.

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That Finnish Fantasy

Major Allen Johnson tells how the Mannerheim Line was cracked. Artillery bombardment greater than at Verdun.

THE bubble of Finnish invulnerability has burst. Not all the fantastic tales from the typewriter tacticians seated in Helsinki, Stockholm, and Copenhagen can conceal the fact that their deepest wishes have been thwarted. In a previous piece I pointed out the terrific difficulties which faced the Red Army in this most difficult of all winter campaigns. It was not Finnish resistance, or the ectoplasmic Finnish skiers, that prevented a quick success in the attack across Finland's "waist" from the Salla sector. The weather and terrain created untold problems which had to be overcome by building roadways and clearing woods over hundreds of miles of wild country. Add to such obstacles the fact that transportation by railway was limited to the Leningrad-Murmansk line and the military problem was doubly difficult.

The Finns have been able to operate from an internal transport system, with the possibility of moving troops easily from one front to another, thus utilizing fewer men to defend their many lines. To prevent this the Red Army placed pressure over all fronts, using the supply bases created by its first advances. Thus the Finnish forces were compelled to fight on many fronts at once, occupying their reserves, and hampering their movement. As long as their troops were fresh, and their internal transport system remained intact, they were able to put up a strenuous defense. But as the effects of the Soviet aviation upon their transport and supply depots became more evident, as their troops were being worn down by fatigue, nervous strain, and the weather, it became clearer that the Red Army would soon break through at some vital point.

The pressure upon the Mannerheim Line was continuous, but in no case were disastrous frontal attacks carried out. Terrific artillery bombardment, acknowledged as greater than at Verdun in the World War, was followed by an infantry infiltration. Soviet troops moved around the strongly defended blockhouses and cut them off rather than attack them frontally and suffer serious casualties. These carefully calculated tactics permitted the penetration of this strongest of all defensive positions and the occupation of all its outer defenses. The problem at Viborg involves the occupation of islands in Viborg Bay and mopping up minor points of resistance. Beyond this, supply and transport problems have to be solved before the attack can be pushed forward in force. Serious advances by the Red Army in the Salla, Sortavala, and Petsamo sectors will then develop.

The seriousness of the situation in the Mannerheim zone may compel the Finns to withdraw their reserves from other sectors. Such an eventuality immediately creates the possibility of pushing forward in those sectors to an immediate and successful conclusion. But if the Finns receive enough British and American assistance, the war may be prolonged for some weeks more. If spring should come before Finnish resistance is broken, operations in the swampy earth will become very much more difficult. Soviet aviation attacks will continue to cripple the Finnish transport system; during the spring thaws this will isolate numerous communities and increase the Ryti government's supply problems. Undoubtedly, the developing political situation within Finland against the war will become unfavorable to the Ryti-Mannerheim clique and will itself be a serious military factor within the next few weeks.

It is very nearly impossible for the Allies to give Finland the assistance she needs without involving the whole of Scandinavia in war. Any movement by the Allies through Scandinavia to Finland, or any action by Allied naval forces against Norwegian neutrality, or even Murmansk, may very well alarm the Germans. They can hardly afford to have their iron ore supplies jeopardized, or permit Allied troops to outflank them. Hence,

Offensive Widens, Russians Hitting Line at 4 Points

Finns Fighting With Bayonets—Invaders in Determined Push on 60-Mile Broken Front

By EDWARD W. BEATTIE, JR.

HELSINKI, Feb. 10 (UP)—Russian troops, attacking the Mannerheim Line in fullest force for the tenth straight day, broadened their offensive today and hit the Finnish defenses at four main points.

Despite their losses, the Russians seemed determined to smash the Mannerheim defense line at any cost.

They had been striking, day after day, at the Summa sector toward the west end of the line.

60-Mile Broken Front

Today they attacked there, in the Punnusjoki and Pasuri sectors and in the Taipale river sector opposite Lake Ladoga, so that their offensive, with four spearheads, had an intermittent front of 60 miles.

There was no information to indicate that the Russians were meeting with more success in this second battle of the Mannerheim line than during their opening offensive in the early days of the war, which cost them thousands of men.

The sudden broadening of the attack came after two days during which there had been some signs that the offensive in the Summa sector might slacken, and the intensification was taken here to mean that the Russian high command had

Reds Suffer New Defeats, Finns Claim

Mannerheim Groups Score Triumphs

By EDWARD W. BEATTIE

HELSINKI, Feb. 10 (U.P.).—New major defeats inflicted on Red Army forces by Finnish troops were reported in an official Finnish communique today as Russian units, attacking the Mannerheim Line in full force for the tenth successive day, broadened their offensive.

Northeast of Lake Ladoga the Finns yesterday inflicted considerable losses on the Russians, the communique said.

Trucks, Tanks Destroyed

About 800 Russians were reported killed and a column of 60 motor trucks and two tanks were destroyed in some of the hardest fighting of the war.

Russian pressure continued to be heavy in the Summa sector of the Mannerheim Line where the Reds were attacking in a stubborn attempt to break through the Finnish defenses.

All Red army attacks in the Summa sector were repulsed and 30 Soviet tanks were destroyed, the communique said.

The communique said Colonel Borisov, commanding the Eleventh division of the Russian army, had been killed in battle on February 8.

Offensive Broadened

The communique said the Russians had broadened their offensive, hitting the Finns at four main points, despite heavy losses suffered in being repulsed for 10 straight days.

TAKE YOUR PICK. *Not content with contradictory news from various sources, the New York "Post" (left) and the Washington "Times-Herald" (right) confuse the war by using the same dispatch of Edward Beattie of the UP. Both appeared in late editions the same day. What did Beattie write?*

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Swedish and Norwegian declarations of neutrality are based on very sober reasoning.

In any case it is highly improbable that the Allies could give Mannerheim sufficient aid in men and material to do more than prolong the conflict. Finland was only a stalking horse for British-American diplomacy, foredoomed to failure. As soon as the final Red Army operations begin, the Finnish bourgeoisie will probably bolt as their Polish brethren did. That the initial blow by the British interventionists has failed is important. That they will try again in other sectors should not be doubted.

MAJOR ALLEN JOHNSON.

Sour Grapes of Wrath

PERHAPS the greatest Soviet victory in Finland has been at the expense of the American press. The typewriter strategists and semicolon generals have all suffered setbacks in the Red Army penetration of the Mannerheim zone. In the first weeks of the war, the American press "destroyed" Soviet military strength; by now, they have succeeded in destroying what confidence remains in American journalism. Two battles were lost: one for the socialist frontier, the other for the American public. One item last week tells the story. According to the New York *Herald Tribune* for March 2, the Helsinki censors have issued direct instructions to correspondents with the following revealing passages:

> Exaggerated descriptions of our own achievements must be avoided, especially if the information is vague. . . . All information and all criticism and mockery which might benefit the enemy should be carefully avoided. . . . Any undervaluation of the enemy, of his fighting capacity, his supply of war materials, and of the possibilities open to him in general, should be avoided. Disparagement of the enemy is not founded on reality. On the contrary, several proofs of his capacity have recently been received.

The Man Who Came Back

HERBERT HOOVER remembers his past. But he is thinking of the future when he suggests that Congress appropriate ten or twenty million dollars for humanitarian relief in Europe. "I have no doubt," he said, "that the whole of Europe will be an area of starvation when the war is over." What Mr. Hoover means, if we understand his own past, is that the whole of Europe may be struggling to maintain revolutionary governments, at the end of, and in that way ending, the war. Mr. Hoover is thinking ahead toward this eventuality. Not that helping the peoples of Europe with food isn't a good thing. Not that there aren't peoples who have been plunged into disaster and starvation by their criminal rulers. But from the way Mr. Hoover employed food supplies as a weapon to smash the Hungarian people's revolution in 1919, from the way he tried to do the very same against the Russian people, we are suspicious. Like any elephant, Mr. Hoover remembers.

You Paint It Red, It Looks So Grand

A short story by Cora MacAlbert. When the World War entered the classroom.

WHEN the World War came to the classroom, Carol found going to school bearable for the first time. From that morning when Miss Eckstein announced to the class, in what should have been the mental arithmetic period, "We teachers have decided that the nicest thing you children can do to help our boys is to make them comfy kits," the fascinations of war were self-evident to Carol.

The morning passed quickly and happily, while Miss Eckstein expounded the nature of war and of comfy kits. The little girls nudged one another and whispered delightedly:

"Now it's too late for mental arithmetic!"

"We won't have time for spelling!"

"We won't have to do *any*thing this morning!"

It was already lunch time when Miss Eckstein and the class had decided that a proper comfy kit was made of gray cotton cloth, nine inches long by twelve inches wide, and that it contained:

2 pairs of woolen socks
1 pair of woolen gloves
2 khaki colored handkerchiefs
1 washcloth
1 package of toilet soap
1 package of shaving soap
3 packages of chewing gum
3 bars of chocolate
1 nice letter from the little girl who made up the comfy kit.

Miss Eckstein was very particular about the letters. She said that if the little girls wrote really nice letters in good Palmer penmanship, the soldiers would answer them. She wrote the model letter on the blackboard in yellow chalk:

Dear Soldier:

I am the little girl who sent you this comfy kit. My name is Mary Smith. I am seven years old. I am in class 2-A. My teacher is Miss Eckstein.

I hope you will like this comfy kit. Miss Eckstein says that it will help you to be comfortable while you are fighting for us.

I hope that you will write me soon.

Your well wisher,

Mary Smith.

During the four-week period set for the completion of the comfy kits, whole mornings were spent checking up each little girl's progress in collecting her material. Whole afternoons passed in trying to achieve a copy of Miss Eckstein's letter without inkblots. Carol and many of the little girls copied Miss Eckstein's letter too faithfully, including Mary Smith's name, and then had to do the letter over again.

The comfy kits were only a foretaste of the sweet distractions that war was to bring to the tiresome routine of the classroom. School assemblies, formerly dull once-a-week affairs, at which the little girls had wiggled as restlessly as in the classroom, were now exciting daily events. The slow songs so laggingly droned about, "The shy baby buds, bashfully pe-ee-ping, out of their brown little beds," were replaced by popular war songs which the little girls sang loudly and enthusiastically.

They sang "Over There" with five different fast verses. They sang "Smiles" with a special tributary line to President Wilson, which always made the little girls giggle because the words had to be said so fast to get them into the music:

. . . there are smiles which have a tender meaning
which the eyes of love alone can see
but the smiles we get from President Wilson
are the best smiles of all, you see!

Best loved by Carol and the little girls was the song "Camouflage." Camouflage itself was such a strange big word and the whole song had such fine words:

Camouflage, camouflage, that's the latest dodge,
Camouflage, camouflage, it's not a cheese or lodge,
You buy a Ford, it's secondhand,
You paint it red, it looks so grand,
And near a Stutz you let it stand—
That's camouflage!

Even the recitations in assembly were interesting now. Before the war, all the lower grades had recited, "I shot an arrow into the air, it fell to earth I know not where." Now the little girls had new ones—"In Flanders Field the Poppies Grow," and "Only God Can Make a Tree." And the upper grade boys recited "On the Road to Mandalay" with fierce faces and savage gestures which tickled the little girls.

Special entertainments were now a frequent feature of assembly. Carol's class gave "Nanette and Rin-tin-tin" as the story of two brave Belgian children who outwitted the Huns. Carol was picked for the part of Rin-tin-tin, and was excused from class nearly all the time during the two weeks' rehearsal. The little girls adopted Nanette and Rin-tin-tin as their favorite war heroes, and wore tiny woolen Nanette and Rin-tin-tin dolls around their necks and wrists.

Pat Rooney's little boy became very po lar at assembly entertainments. Every weeks he was called on to dance. He was te or eleven years old and small for his age, and all the teachers said he looked very cute when he imitated his father's imitations of George Primrose and George M. Cohan.

There was another exciting innovation at this time which was eventually incorporated into the regular ordinary of the assembly.

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Before the war, assembly had opened with the principal's inaudible mumbling of the Bible. Now, assembly opened with the Grand March of the Color Guard. All the little girls admired the Color Guard, and called it the Colored Guard, and it was many years before Carol learned its proper name.

Six eighth-grade boys and girls wearing khaki Scout uniforms made up the Color Guard. A boy and girl marched first, followed by two boys carrying the American flag and the orange, white, and blue flag of New York City. Another boy and girl followed them. They marched into assembly in a very military way, for they had been coached by the gym teacher. Halfway down the Assembly Hall, they stood at attention. Three chords were struck on the piano, signals to the assembly to get ready, to stand, to face the colors.

Then with outstretched arms, the whole assembly chanted, "I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice, for all."

It was solemn and fascinating to the little girls, and none of them had any idea what it meant. They all said "indivishable" and no amount of correction could change them.

Then there was a lusty singing of "The Star Spangled Banner," everyone cracking terribly on the too-deep notes of "last gleaming" and the too-high notes of "banner yet wave." The children could never get the lines straight. They knew the words by heart, but put them in the wrong places. Every now and again the principal would say in his tired voice, "It has been called to my attention that your rendition of our national anthem is very poor. Consequently, I urge you to give a better performance. At a time like this especially, you should give your best efforts." Then for a time there would be systematic practice of "The Star Spangled Banner," but in the end there was always the same caterwauling effect.

When the Liberty Bond and Thrift Stamp campaigns came to the classroom, the days flew by in delightful frenzy.

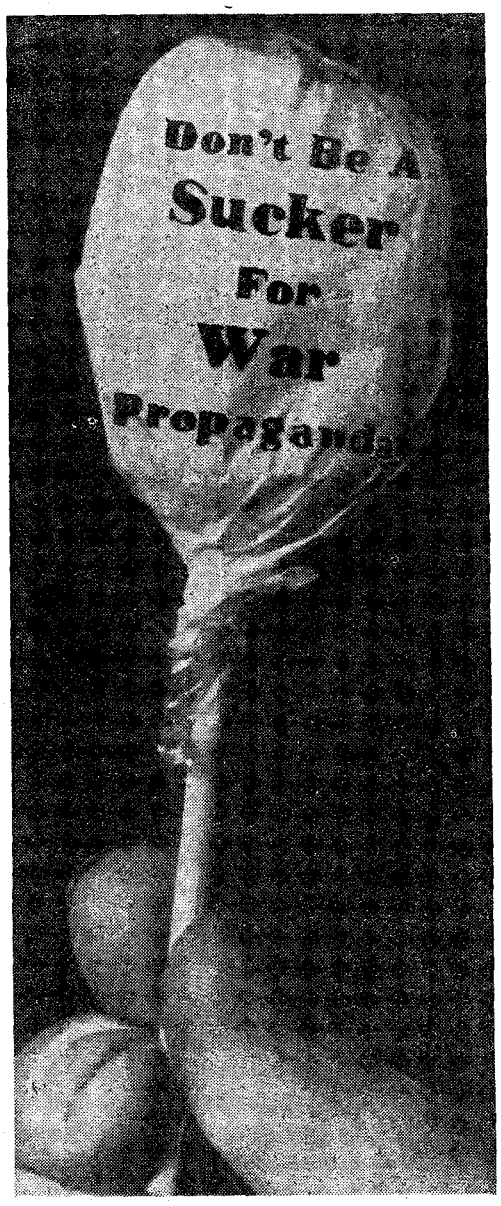
Everybody was interested in the Liberty Bonds. Mama took Carol down to the Treasury Building to see Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, and Douglas Fairbanks, when they gave their Minute Men Speeches. One night they heard Mme. Schumann-Heink at Columbus Circle singing "The Star Spangled Banner" to sell Liberty Bonds and Mama said it was very funny to hear her singing it with such a heavy German accent.

In school, there were daily meetings at which Liberty Bonds and the method of selling them were explained to the little girls. There were Honor Rolls for individuals, classes, grades, and whole schools, and the principal exhorted the assembly to make their school first on the City Honor Roll.

The little girls were told to sell bonds to their parents, relatives, and parents' friends, and when these resources were exhausted, to canvass apartment houses and to try people on the streets. Mama told Carol she wouldn't have her talking to strangers in the street and going around ringing doorbells. Even though it was wartime and everybody had to be patriotic, little girls had to be careful where they went. After all it was not so long ago since Jack the Ripper. "And, besides, all the bonds you could sell to strangers, you could put in a hen's tooth."

Carol sold only four bonds to Papa, and felt terrible about being so far down on the Honor Roll. She told Mama that Minnie Katz, who was at the top, had sold hundreds. Mama said, "But she's a little Jewish girl and they're always better at selling things, and besides they have lots of relatives."

It was easier with the Thrift Stamps. The little girls were not asked to sell them, but to buy them themselves on weekly installments. Mama gave Carol money each week and Carol bought five of them. Mama said it was a good idea because Carol would have $25 all her own in five years. But Carol wasn't interested in money so far away.



HELLO, SUCKER. *When Lord Duff Cooper, his majesty's ace war propagandist, spoke at the San Francisco Opera House recently, he was met with a picketline which handed out seven hundred lollypops such as the above. Only three were thrown aside. Many laughed and caught the idea that perhaps his lordship was overdoing his efforts on behalf of the British lion. The lollypops were the gift of "The Yanks Are Not Coming Committee," District Council No. 2, Maritime Federation of the Pacific.*

The Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps certainly made going to school interesting, but they were never as dear to Carol as the comfy kits. She had had such fun buying the things for the kits and wrapping each article in its own separate package. She had had many rosy, happy thoughts about the pleasant surprise of the soldier who would some day open her comfy kit and find all those nice things and her beautiful ink-written letter.

For a long time Carol and the other little girls looked for answers to their letters, and kept asking the teacher why they didn't come. At first the teacher said that letters took a very long time to come from No Man's Land. Later she said that the soldiers must be excused for not writing. She was sure that they wanted to, but they were so busy fighting the Germans that they just hadn't time.

Carol was never satisfied with this explanation. She felt that the soldier who got her lovely comfy kit and didn't write to thank her, was just plain mean. Mama wasn't comforting about it. "There's one chance in a thousand that your soldier got your comfy kit," she said.

"But Mama, what could have happened to all those lovely things?"

"Maybe a German's using them. After all they need things too, you know."

The comfy kits became a forgotten mystery, and only once, years later, did Carol think of them again, and then indifferently. One day when she was in the seventh grade, the teacher sent her and a classmate down to the basement storeroom for some drawing supplies. They were explicitly warned when sent to the storeroom never to "meddle" but to fetch the supplies and hurry back to the classroom. So, when they noticed, for the first time, a dark alcove lined with closets, they tried the closet doors warily and guiltily.

The first few doors wouldn't open, but then one did, and out came a tumble of dusty gray bundles. They poked at the bundles with their toes, and a Hershey wrapper fell out. Excited by the candy wrapper, they began to examine the bundles. The socks and soap and woolen gloves that they found all seemed distantly familiar to Carol.

"Do you remember our old comfy kits?" she said.

"Oo-oh, they can't be. I remember. But they were sent Over There."

"But they look just like them. I remember."

"Listen, we'd better put this stuff back fast. We'll catch it if anybody sees us meddling."

Only a few days later did Carol remember to tell Mama about the discovered comfy kits. Then she swore Mama to secrecy. For her chief concern was that nobody should find out that she had been meddling in the storeroom.

CORA MACALBERT.

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California Turns Back to 1933

Starvation faces the people in the land of plenty, as a state's welfare is turned over to the Associated Farmers.

A LITTLE over a year ago the people of California exultantly looked forward to a day when they would eat, when the abundant wealth of California would spread to the tables of hundreds of thousands of hungry people.

They had ousted a rotten Republican administration that had held power for four decades. They had elected a new administration headed by Culbert L. Olson with an overwhelming mandate to take drastic measures against unemployment, terrorism, boss rule, and starvation. But on February 12 more than six thousand people crowded into the huge Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles to protest bitterly the weakness and capitulation of the men they had elected.

The people accused.

They accused Olson of turning the state back to the Chamber of Commerce and the Associated Farmers through a policy of appeasement.

The deep anger of that meeting was expressed in the words of a leading progressive in the state, Reuben W. Borough, who said:

> We must speak bluntly, boldly, and vigorously so that all the state may hear.
>
> We are not consorting with Democratic partisan politicians at this or any later hour. Our contacts are with the people themselves in their need.
>
> We are again declaring our independence of the dominant Democratic Party machine. It is not of our choosing and we will have nothing to do with it. It is packed with flabby opportunists, Red-baiting tories, and special interests corruptionists. Completely isolated as it is from the mind and the conscience of the people in this hour, there is no popular leadership in it.
>
> If however, the situation becomes hopeless within the Democratic Party, we shall march out of the Democratic Party in orderly, organized fashion and create a new political instrument to serve the people of California.

Those words were not easily or glibly spoken. They were wrung out of long tolerance with a policy of appeasement and backwatering, of deals with reactionaries in hotel rooms, Red-baiting, and shallow political maneuvering. The people gave Olson a mandate. Had he put up a fight, had he taken the offensive, it was pointed out at the Shrine meeting, he would have had a united people behind him. Even if he had been defeated by the reactionaries, the people would have stood back of him. At the next election they would have ousted from office the legislators who were blocking his program.

But here is the situation that faces a weak and bungling administration.

Governor Olson called a special session of the Legislature to make up the deficiency in the relief appropriation; the last Legislature failed to appropriate nearly enough money to carry on for the biennium. The first thing the Assembly did was to form a coalition of Republicans and renegade Democrats. They defeated the administration's speaker of the House and elected a right-wing Democrat, Gordon Garland. Mr. Garland tore out the telephone that had connected the speaker's table with the governor's office. Then the boys got together and dealt out Republican-stacked committees.

OLSON WOULDN'T FIGHT

The governor submitted sixty-four administration bills and the Legislature went to work like a bunch of wildcats. Of course if the governor had really meant to put up a fight, he would have submitted four or five bills that the people could understand instead of a basketful. He needed an adequate relief bill, a reasonable tax bill to finance relief, an old-age pension bill, and a bill on the Central Valley Project to provide cheap power. The people would have understood that kind of program; they would have fought with the governor.

Then Olson pulled a prize piece of demagogy. He submitted a relief budget for the biennium of $95,500,000. That was $18,000,000 more than Labor's Non-Partisan League had set as a minimum need. However, in his budget message, the governor told the Legislature that his figure could be cut by $30,000,000—but that "no such reduction is possible without causing untold misery and hardship." He then presented a complete plan for this $30,000,000 cut, including such provisions as a three-year residence requirement for relief, and a $60 maximum for any family. The Legislature, of course, took the tip, as did the press. The newspapers headlined: "Governor Olson Demands $66,000,000 for Relief."

Meantime, the Legislature was busy with the findings of a committee established to "investigate relief." For months this committee, headed by Sen. John Phillips, has been working to browbeat the administration and prepare for the introduction of bills designed to turn state relief back to Republican-controlled counties.

SAM HOUSTON ALLEN

The best job of state relief administration has been done by Sam Houston Allen, administrator for Los Angeles County. Though his case-load doubled because of WPA cuts, Allen slashed administrative costs $3 per case and increased actual relief to the client by 50 percent. Phillips' committee smeared the Los Angeles administration, calling it incompetent and Red. Suddenly, a few weeks ago, Olson announced he was abolishing the county relief setup. It was plain that the governor had decided to burn down the house to get rid of one man.

That roused the progressive leaders of the state. They stormed at Olson's door, begged him not to capitulate, asked for a hearing before the closing of the county office, threatened to withdraw liberal and labor support, and even talked of recall. The Committee for Democratic Action was formed and thousands flocked to its protest meeting. Olson promised a hearing and granted a brief reprieve but

After the Veto

REACTIONARY legislators overrode Governor Olson's sly veto of the Phillips starvation budget bill on February 23 and California stepped backward into 1933 and Hoovervilles. The monthly budget for families of seven is reduced from $84.68 to $58; for families of four from $42.57 to $25.54; for childless couples from $31.06 to $18.64; for single men and women from $18.52 to $11.11. Evictions, loss of gas and electricity, starvation and disease face 369,786 men, women, and children now on the state relief rolls. The total appropriation for relief is $12,200,000—a little more than one-seventh of Governor Olson's original demand. This sum may legally have been expended on June 1. On May 13 appropriations for the fiscal biennium must therefore be taken up when the Legislature convenes. In the meantime a relief probe committee will travel about the state, preparing a program which is avowedly designed to return all relief to the mercies of the monopoly-dominated counties. This committee will receive Red-baiting aid from the Yorty "little Dies committee."

Labor's Non-Partisan League, the Workers Alliance, and other organizations have rallied to demand supplementary aid. Relief clients are buying only food with their scanty funds; there is talk of a rent strike in Los Angeles. The State, County, and Municipal Workers, a CIO union, is up in arms at the disclosure that the new law dismisses fifteen hundred of the state's six thousand relief workers without hearings. On March 4, jobless men and women demonstrated at San Francisco City Hall, demanding that the Board of Supervisors appropriate funds to cover the 40 percent slash. Mass picketlines appeared before Los Angeles relief offices. Californians are defending their right to live.

Developments in the rapidly shifting California political and economic scene, of which the above is a rapid bird's-eye view, will be reported in an early issue of NEW MASSES.

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the day before the scheduled hearing in Sacramento, Allen and his aides were summarily fired.

Thereby hangs one of those ridiculous tales that could only be taken seriously in these fantastic times when a buffoon like Martin Dies is a menace. It is the story of the "little Dies committee" chairmanned by Assemblyman Samuel William Yorty. The night before Allen's dismissal, Yorty blasted Olson on a statewide radio hookup for protecting "radicals" in the State Relief Administration.

Not a year ago, Yorty was considered one of the hard-fighting liberals in the Assembly, though it was known, in inner circles, that he was an ambitious opportunist. His ire with the Communists dates from the time of the recall election in Los Angeles. Yorty wanted to be mayor. The Communists joined with the rest of the progressives and middle class groups in electing Fletcher Bowron, because it was vital to oust the corrupt city administration. Yorty told friends that if it weren't for the Communists he would have been mayor. He said he was going to get even. His grievance against Sam Houston Allen was that Allen had refused him patronage. No one suggests that Allen is a Communist.

Yorty saw his opportunity in the rising wave of reaction. He found a ready ear with the governor and a Legislature that was receptive to Red-baiting. The Legislature gave him $500 and a committee to probe subversive activities in the Los Angeles County SRA. Yorty junketed down to Los Angeles in strange company. His other committee members were: Assemblyman Jack Tenney, another renegade liberal turned Red-baiter, still smarting after having been ousted from the presidency of the Los Angeles Musicians Union by a two to one vote; Assemblyman Lee Bashore, Republican, who last year threatened to use guns and violence against members of the Workers Alliance picketing his home because of his vote for relief slashes; and Assemblyman Seth Millington, beefy Associated "Farmer" right-wing Democrat, another advocate of violence against workers.

Yorty announced that he would spend approximately two weeks in Los Angeles. He was in town one frantic, harassed day, after which he and his committee skipped back to Sacramento in complete rout. The Assembly hearing chamber was jammed. Many of those present were people who had worked in Yorty's campaigns, worn out shoe-leather, ·t time and money to elect him. Now they ·d or laughed mockingly at him. Yorty led a number of SRA officials to the stand. He produced two witnesses, both stoolpigeons for the Dies committee, to prove that some of the minor officials were either Communists or members of the Young Communist League. One of the witnesses was George Berthelon, ousted from the Communist Party for sexual perversion. The other was a girl named Rena Vail, who had been expelled from the Newspaper Guild for attempts to disrupt it through dual unionism. Aside from these witnesses no evidence was produced, no documents. There was no opportunity to cross-examine witnesses or to produce defense witnesses.

Shall I write about the crime wave?
Illiteracy? the Dies Committee?
no chance for American youth?
FASCISM? Corrupt politics?
anti-unionism? WPA cuts? anti-Semitism?
WAR Propaganda? lynchings in the South? WAR-MONGERS?
HIGH COST of LIVING? Demagogues?
MONOPOLY? Imperialist WAR? Unemployment?
Lack of medical care? STARVATION? tenement fires?
VIGILANTES? brutality against strikers? attacks on civil liberties?
EUREKA! snap!
Sure-fire too!
THE LIBERAL WEEKLY
DOWN WITH KARL MARX
Del

Paul Cline, county secretary of the Communist Party of Los Angeles, was subpoenaed. He immediately told the press he would be glad to testify. Cline said the last time he had seen Yorty was at the latter's apartment in Sacramento where he had gone with Willia· Schneiderman, state secretary of the Co·. ·unist Party, to discuss certain matters at Yorty's request. Cline said he would be very glad of the opportunity to tell the committee just what had been discussed. But he was not permitted to testify though he came to the hearing and broke in during the proceedings with a request that he be allowed to take the stand.

Yorty ducked back to Sacramento and held a couple of hearings at the capital. He requested an additional $500 to continue his Red-baiting, and received $300.

The pattern is the same in this state as in the nation. Red-baiting serves as a camouflage for the administration while it reduces the people's standard of living to starvation level and turns the state back to the Chamber of Commerce and the Associated Farmers.

But in California the people are organizing to fight back.

ED ROBBIN.

Moving Day in Wall Street

"T. J. CARLYLE GIFFORD, the British Treasury's special representative here, has moved out of his temporary quarters in the J. P. Morgan & Co. offices and has established his own offices next door at 15 Broad St. The British-French Purchasing Commission is in the same building, so that income and outgo of British dollar balances can be discussed by the two agencies with a minimum of inconvenience."—*New York "Times," February 28.*

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Marching as to War

The New Deal renegades who voted the American people's money to help a czarist general spread war among Finland's workers.

Washington.

AFTER a long silence, the New Dealers in the House—a good many of them at least—have spoken. After hesitation, soul-searching, brooding on the eternal problem of expediency versus principle and the newer problem of the administration's role in a changed and still changing world, they have made themselves heard. They have spoken not in the fumbling accents of their earlier speeches, but in the firm, if slightly lurid, language which distinguishes the most experienced congressional oratory.

During the first weeks of the session, many prominent New Dealers in Congress were apparently still groping their way. They made few speeches on such issues as the Wagner Health Bill, the President's budget message, relief, staying out of war, the pending anti-alien bills, or the Wagner act. When the roll call on continuing the Dies committee was taken, the names of many distinguished New Dealers were absent from the select company of dissenters. On the unemployment issue, they have felt the need to go slowly. Representative Voorhis of California has called together a sort of seminar to study the problem. No recommendations will be made until they have been given exhaustive consideration.

ACTION AT LAST

At last some of the leading New Dealers have acted decisively. This time they have not felt the need for prolonged consideration, lengthy study. They have spoken, of course, on the question of Finnish war loans.

If some of them have liked to feel now and then that they were a little to the left of the President, now they have more than overtaken him on his new course. They were a little critical because the President found it necessary to observe a few diplomatic amenities in his recommendation for a Finnish loan via the Export-Import Bank. They took their place in the motley group which contributed forty-nine votes, and almost as many cannon-bursts of eloquence in favor of direct military loans to the Mannerheim regime. They stood shoulder to shoulder on this issue with former extreme isolationists like Representatives Fish of New York and Knutson of Minnesota, with the extreme old-guard tories of both parties—and with those congressmen who have munitions factories in their districts, like Representative Miller of Connecticut who introduced the amendment for a direct military loan.

Representative Casey of Massachusetts is a member of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition on the Dies committee. He has differed with the chairman on details, not on essentials. Disapproving some of the committee's actions, he has floundered too much in his own prejudices and fears to be effective. It is understatement to say that he has not cut a particularly heroic figure as a liberal member of the committee. Certainly he led no crusade to expose the whole messy Dies-Pelley affair. But listen to Casey during the debate on the Finnish loan:

> What does Finland need? She needs a large number of pursuit planes and anti-aircraft guns. This is what she needs, not pious words of sympathy, not merely commercial things, not limitations upon loans. She needs steel and iron and bullets to fight steel and iron and bullets.

Or listen to Representative Dingell of Michigan, who opposed the Dies committee a year ago and favored it this year, who was active on the relief issue then, and is inactive now:

> We restrict the loan for powder puffs, silken scanty panties, and for cream puffs, when we know that the Finns need shrapnel, buckshot, barbwire, and all the fiercest implements of hell because they are fighting to stop anti-Christ and the hosts of hell led by Beelzebub. Let every man stand up and be counted, let him vote as he talks, and let us dispense with hypocrisy and catch phrases. Either we are courageously for Finland, freedom, and Christianity or we are for the dictatorship of Stalin, persecution, murder, depravity, and everything that is base and cowardly.

Representative Izac of California, long considered one of the most liberal congressmen from that state, has finally located the new American frontier—it is on the Karelian Isthmus, in case you didn't guess. Representative Healey of Massachusetts, one of the leading New Dealers in the House, has oratorically wedded the destinies of Finland and Ireland so as to assure his Irish constituents that he has not forgotten them. Representative Hook of Michigan indicated that he was against the Dies committee because it was not fighting the Communists effectively enough. "An unrestricted loan of $60,000,000 would be the best insurance policy we could buy against the spread of Communism or atheism in this country," Hook informed the House.

Representative Buckler, the Minnesota Farmer-Laborite, came through in one of his infrequent speeches:

> The Finnish people are fighting for their homes, for democracy and Christianity. They are fighting against an outlaw nation whose leaders do not believe in God and who have sent money to most every nation, including the United States, to set up an organization with the intention of controlling the world. If they are not stopped in Finland now, some day we may have to fight them alone.

Representative Allen of Pennsylvania, once an ornament of the liberal bloc, who moved sharply to the right about a year ago and is now preparing to retire from politics to enter the cheese business, had this to say:

> If Finland can hold fast on the Karelian Isthmus, democratic institutions, the sanctity of the church, and the dignity of mankind in all corners of the earth will be more secure.

It remained for diminutive, mild-mannered Sam Massingale of Oklahoma, outstanding among the New Dealers from farm areas, to sound off one of the biggest salvos of all:

> I expect that I shall make the kind of a talk here that will classify me as a warrior. I do not know, but I am fed up in this debate with what might be termed the livid, ashen complexion of some of the members of this House when we come to talk about extending real relief to that country, Finland, than which no greater has ever existed in the history of this world, in my judgment. . . . We should not withhold a single penny of credit they may want to defend themselves against the greedy, godless, and murderous bunch of Russian Communists. We need not fear war from them. They have no respect for God or Christianity, but they have respect for the guns and fighting qualities of our seamen.

You could hardly tell that these intrepid orators were but a short while ago the most timid of liberals, frightened lest they be classified as Communists, tussling with their consciences every time a flag-waving Dies committee resolution or anti-alien bill came up; nor did their consciences always win. A few of them once signed a formal greeting to the Cortes of republican Spain; some regretted that feeble gesture and none went beyond it. But they are the same, the very same timid liberals. They are atoning for their small and very timid works in the cause of progress.

EXCEPTIONS

There are exceptions, of course; a few congressmen — Geyer, Marcantonio, and Coffee, for example—are still concerned with the mundane problems of unemployment and civil liberties. But the fact remains that many of our leading New Dealers have emerged as the most loud-mouthed Soviet-baiters and warmongers in Congress.

ADAM LAPIN.

Please Paste in Hat

"WHEN you pick up your morning or evening newspaper, and think you are reading the news of the world, what you are really reading is a propaganda which has be selected, revised, and doctored by some pov which has a financial interest in you; and which for the protecting of that financial interest, has been willing to take trouble, and to go to the most minute detail! . . . and what is the purpose of it all? One thing, and one thing only—that the wage slaves of America shall continue to believe in and support the system whereby their bones are picked bare and thrown upon the scrap-heap of the profit-system."—UPTON SINCLAIR *in "The Brass Check."*

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The State of the Nation

THIS DEPARTMENT, which NEW MASSES presents weekly, is the joint work of a group of correspondents who send us a letter each week telling about the state of their part of the nation. As more correspondents write in, our coverage will increase. We invite our readers to send their contributions of significant happenings, anecdotes, etc., to "The State of the Nation," NEW MASSES.

Tom Joad Speaks Up

OKLAHOMA CITY.—Tom Joad came back home last week and testified to his people's demand for land and bread, at an open hearing on the farm tenant problem held by the Farm Security Administration.

Tom Joad was Otis Nation, international representative of the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing and Allied Workers (CIO) and state organizer of the Oklahoma Tenant Farmers Union, which is the only organized group of tenant farmers in the Sooner State. The CIO organizer gave five good reasons for the plight of the wandering Oklahomans in quest of land: the high interest rates of the banks "which move in like a flock of vultures after a crop failure or a bad year"; the overploughing of the grasslands to furnish grain "for the war to make the world safe for democracy"; the rapid growth of tractor farming; the Triple A and inducements for the big landholders to chase the tenants off the land, hire them back as day laborers, and still receive the AAA benefits; and the rapid growth of corporate, absentee landlord farming.

Nation said that giving the tenant farmers, sharecroppers, and agricultural workers the chance to own their own homes and work their own land would spell democracy. "It will mean something to us folks then when we speak of the Constitution. We will have something. We will be part of it. We will know what the word democracy means from having it. We will have kids that are healthy and well fed and that's democracy too."

The Finns in America

ABERDEEN, WASH.—The Northwest has perhaps more Finlanders than any other section of the United States, with the largest concentration in coastal lumber-shipping and fishing towns—Coos Bay, Astoria, Aberdeen, and the cities of the lower Columbia River. Here an especially heavy campaign for the aid of the Helsinki regime is being launched. Most of the local government officials are on committees, the petty bankers, the newspaper editors, owners of hardware stores, in fact everyone who is not Finnish. Members of the vigilante societies, the various local Better Business Builders, for instance, have been openly demanding that the United States send over troops to defend the poor Finns in Finland. But the local Finlanders see a different picture.

In an open letter to the press the Finnish Workers Club of Astoria asks protection from these vigilante societies and their banker, newspaper editor supporters. It points out that the Astoria *Daily Budget* is whipping up against the Finn groups a hysteria similar to that which preceded the wrecking of the Finnish Hall in Aberdeen on December 2; a hysteria which played its part in the murder of Mrs. Dick Law, herself a Finn. At the same time the Aberdeen Finnish Workers Federation has brought suit against county and town officials and members of the Better Business Builders of Aberdeen, charging them with having permitted and conspired in the $30,000 damage done to the hall.

GWTW Successor

CHICAGO.—*The Birth of a Nation,* precursor of today's *Gone With the Wind,* was produced in the midst of the First World War hysteria in 1915. A few weeks ago, a Chicago revival of *The Birth of a Nation,* riding the *GWTW* wave, was halted by police. Theater owners, with seventy-five showings of the notorious Ku Klux Klan picture booked, appealed to the courts, relying upon an old injunction restraining police from interfering with the picture.

On February 28, Superior Judge Donald S. McKinlay lifted the police ban, ordered Police Commissioner John Allman to show cause why he should not be held in contempt for violation of the old injunction. *The Birth of a Nation* had been given judicial approval in Chicago on March 5, 1917—a few weeks before America's entry into the First World War. An omen?

Chicago Facts

CHICAGO.—Socially significant notes: One out of five persons in Chicago gets adequate dental care, according to Dr. Harold W. Welch, president, Chicago Dental Society, who "hopes to bridge the gap between patients and the dentist." . . . January milk sales totaled 160,496,358 pounds, 27 percent over last September, with the number of distributors increased by 6 percent and the greatest milk surplus in years in the Chicago area; but retail milk prices remain at 13 cents a quart, 2 cents up from last September and beyond the reach of unemployed. . . . Inadequate zoning laws, responsible for much of the city's slums and sub-marginal housing, were dramatically revealed by a study showing thirty-four square miles, or 16 percent of the city's area, zoned for apartment hotels, which, if built, would house 42,172,412 persons.

Public Nuisances

MIAMI, FLA.—*Time* mag recently ran a great story on Col. Joseph Stehlin, noted Miami civic leader who fought against the Red Army with United States troops at the close of the last World War. Colonel "Joe" enjoyed the publicity but at the moment he's suffering some reversals. It seems Joe is connected with the Brook Club, a gambling joint in the Miami area; the state officials have cracked down on him and his club, calling the outfit a "well known public nuisance." They also say that Colonel Joe's legal residence is unknown, which makes Miamians wonder how he happened to want to be city commissioner last year.

Miamians rubbed their eyes at a headline that appeared in a recent issue of the Miami *Herald:* "Black Opinion May Be Fought." It referred to the recent opinion handed down by the U. S. Supreme Court staying a death sentence for four Negroes in Broward County and ordering a new trial on the ground that the men were coerced through third degree into making a confession. What puzzles Miamians is just how this opinion is to be fought. Some National Guardsmen, it is reported, are afraid they are to be called out on a new secession drive to separate Florida from the Union. Or maybe the *Herald* is going to bring charges against Justice Black. At any rate the paper is beginning to doubt that Black was ever a Klansman.

As Vermont Goes

SPRINGFIELD, VT.—Vermont's machine tool industry in Springfield is booming with war orders. Farmers with any qualifying experience are scrambling for the low-pay jobs, hoping to get something ahead to meet interest payments on their mortgages.

At a recent meeting of Dairy Farmers Union members it was announced that the Borden Co. and National Dairies had contributed to Herbie Hoover's committee to make Finland safe for Butcher Mannerheim. "That's our money they're giving away!" exclaimed the wife of a good union member. And that's the prevailing sentiment. The Green Mountain Boys are *not* coming!

Politics in Montana

GREAT FALLS, MONT.—The high (or low) note of this week was the indictment of Attorney General Harrison J. Freebourn by a federal grand jury in Great Falls. The indictment, which was greeted with glee by the ACM (Anaconda Copper Mining) press throughout the state, accused the attorney general of income tax evasion. It revived a shopworn bribery-acceptance charge which had failed to cause the impeachment of the attorney general by the State Legislature last year. In a statement printed by the labor and progressive papers, Freebourn accused Anaconda Copper and Montana Power of an attempted frameup. The indictment was timed to influence the primary elections. Less than a week after the indictment Freebourn filed his candidacy for United States senator on the Democratic ticket. To date he is the only one contesting B. K. Wheeler's candidacy. Wheeler filed several weeks back. Freebourn is generally considered a reliable labor supporter. His record in office substantiates this opinion.

Montana's gift to the fascist Silver Shirts, Jacob Thorkelson, announced his candidacy to succeed himself in Congress. All lovers of democracy, social security, and enemies of race hatred take notice. Even the ACM press was shamed into hiding on the back pages the news of his candidacy.

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Editors
A. B. MAGIL, RUTH MCKENNEY, JOSEPH NORTH, SAMUEL SILLEN.

Associate Editors
JAMES DUGAN, BARBARA GILES.

Business Manager
CARL BRISTEL.

West Coast Representative
GEORGE WILLNER.

★

What's That, Mr. Jackson?

HOW many liberal lances will be broken this week upholding Attorney General Jackson's defense of J. Edgar Hoover remains to be seen. The *Nation* and *New Republic* are at this writing also penning pieces about their champion, who, they assured us, would put an end to all this nonsense of Mr. Hoover's. Plain people the country over feel considerable alarm at Mr. Jackson's baldfaced defense of the FBI warm-up in Detroit. Mr. Hoover's raiders, trusty ax in hand, did their duty under orders, the attorney general says in reply to Senator Norris' letter of inquiry. Mr. Norris felt he could not help "but reach the conclusion that there is some well grounded fear that the activities of this bureau are overstepping and overreaching the legitimate objects for which it was created."

Not Mr. Jackson; he has no such fears! "I have reviewed the facts," he retorted, ". . . and I find nothing to justify any charge of misconduct against the Federal Bureau of Investigation." That declaration raises some interesting points. Does Mr. Jackson believe it was entirely proper to raid homes at 5:00 a.m.? To shackle defendants? Citizens who have not even been tried in court, at that? Does he believe that show of force is entirely within the province of his department? Or of any governmental agency?

It is hard for us to believe that Mr. Jackson really thinks the way he talks. After all, Mr. Hoover has written his record; we are not the only ones aghast at his abuse of power. The "Stork Club detective" has many outstanding Americans cocking a wary eye his way. In addition to Congressmen Marcantonio, Coffee, and Senator Norris, numerous public spirited bodies, labor groupings, have talked up.

Mr. Jackson and Mr. Murphy—who ordered the Detroit raids—have evident differences, chiefly in tactics. One stumbled because of haste: the other says let's move with surer tread, a bit slower, more shrewdly, and we will not arouse the public against us. Both are behind Mr. Roosevelt who—as Ludwell Denny pointed out in the Scripps-Howard service last week—himself gave the signal for the "Red drive." As NEW MASSES editors, we know that has not let up. The grand jury in Washington is still sitting, laboriously working up indictments against those who don't see eye to eye with FDR's plans for a nice, profitable Wall Street war.

La Guardia and the Bankers

MONDAY, March 4, opened in Manhattan with a dreary rain but the sun shone through the windows of the Bankers Club. There was a headline in the *Herald Tribune:* "Mayor Bans Strikes after Transit Unity."

"No employee's status will depend upon his affiliation with any labor organization," said Mayor LaGuardia, discussing the transport workers' position under the city's new "transit unification" plan. And: "The right, therefore, to strike against the government is not and cannot be recognized."

Trade unionists are accustomed to such pronunciamentos from bankrupt financial fakers, Louis XIV Republicans, and fellow riders of the (royal) purple sage, John Nance Garner. But this labor-baiting declaration coming from Fiorello LaGuardia, American Labor Party candidate, the liberal who was regarded as a possible running mate of the great FDR, is one more indication of the sellout of the New Deal by its former supporters. LaGuardia's open shop, yellow dog statement has aroused indignation among the million-odd trade unionists in New York City, their families and friends. The bankers' papers have front-paged their new friend's blow at labor, applauded the trick of "transit unification" which they hope will turn a track walker's or conductor's strike for better wages into a "revolt against the government." It's a shabby dodge that fools no workingman.

So Blue the Rose

THE fate of the American Labor Party is dear to all progressives, not only in New York, but nationally. Dear, not so much because of its performance, but because of its promise. Its leadership under Alex Rose has inspired little confidence; it has been weak, vacillating, lacking political foresight or initiative—in short, downright ruinous.

For that reason most genuine progressives rejoiced at the victory of the anti-Rose membership in the recent New York County meeting. That was a victory of the rank and file. Mr. Rose and his pro-war cohorts took a resounding trimming when Eugene Connolly was elected chairman. The actual vote was more than two to one against the Rose program. But typical of the anti-democratic attitude of the previous New York County leadership, the Rose supporters challenged the authority of Herman Hoffman, election supervisor, who had declared Connolly elected. Mr. Hoffman replied that his function for the session had been decided by Supreme Court Justice Wasservogel in a decision several days previously.

The full background and present status of the ALP and its great implications for all American labor merit detailed treatment and NEW MASSES will publish an appropriate article shortly. But this much is obvious to all who have even cursorily scanned the situation within the ALP: the Rose-Dubinsky-Greenberg setup, though making a furious fanfare about the Red issue, has diligently kept bona-fide CIO representation from positions of leadership. They want a Labor Party without labor. Consider their knifing of the Quill campaign, for one instance. Furthermore, to press their pro-war, pro-Roosevelt stand, they are more than willing to split the party. They are ready to destroy it entirely, rather than to permit the rank-and-file the kind of party they want. The entire commercial press acclaimed Mr. Rose's statement after the election that he is summoning thirty of his "one-man club" leaders to fight the decision of the majority. As Mr. Connolly put it, "When a minority loses in convention the American way is for that group to abide by the decision of the majority." Not, however, Mr. Rose. And he is the tribune who sounds off regularly about totalitarianism. Labor and progressives know what the "rule or ruin" slogan means and they see that legend inscribed on the banners of the Rose grouping.

Dollars and Rubles

GREAT BRITAIN this week notified forty American oil companies that "navicert" authorizations for the shipment of lubricating oils would not be granted for Belgium, Holland, and Denmark. Presumably American goods are being trans-shipped by neutrals to Germany; or perhaps the Allies are alarmed at the terrific bid which American capitalists are making for trade hegemony among the neutrals. Sir Ashton Gwatkin, adviser to the British Ministry of Economic Warfare, and Prof. Charles Rist, ace French economist, have arrived for discussions on trade irritations. One report says that the Allies wish to prevent the flow of gasoline, copper, and metals to the Soviet Union; they're trying to persuade Americans to intensify the moral embargo against the USSR and are themselves thinking of interfering with Soviet transports on the Pacific. On the other hand, the Soviet Union is buying heavily in the American market and paying with the yellow metal. Undoubtedly, British displeasure with American trade was one of the items in that three-hour luncheon between Ambassador Laurence Steinhardt and premier of the USSR, Molotov. American policy coincides fully with the Allied anti-Soviet orientation; but it remains to be seen whether pressure from London and Paris can persuade American business men to deny themselves lucrative trade.

Congress and Finmarks

TO USE a military metaphor, Mr. Welles is being supported by an excellent artillery. As he infiltrates into Europe, silk top hat and all, he's being covered from behind by a wonderful barrage of bullets: gold bullets. Congress has given the Export-Import Bank increased loan authorization. The President hurried back from a survey of the Panama Canal (he asks for doubling the defenses there) to sign the order for Mannerheim's millions. Perhaps even more important

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are the sums for Sweden and Norway and the projected loan to Denmark. Trader Hull is doing big business: buying up the neutrals, financing big trade with them, all of which improves Mr. Welles' hand in the big poker game with the Allies. Whether China gets any of this money remains to be seen; and if she does it'll be a quarter of what she asked for.

Fireworks in India

CIVIL disobedience is scheduled to begin in India on March 17. Interestingly enough, that's also St. Patrick's Day when the Irish everywhere will wash some empire linen in public. The All-India National Congress, under whose orders native ministries resigned in the Indian provinces last November, has just elected a Moslem, Abul Kalan Azad, its president. This is a direct reply to the charge that Indian insistence upon a constituent assembly and complete freedom would work against the interests of the Moslem minority. Disobedience is, of course, only a negative weapon in the fight against British imperialism. But it has deep roots in the popular tradition. It may, in view of the growing acerbity of relations with London, provide the occasion for revolutionary developments; but not if Gandhi can help it. From the very beginning of the dispute over Britain's high-handed action in declaring India at war against its consent, Gandhi has insisted upon the go-slow policy. Clearly, he is employing the threat of civil disobedience to bring the British around to concessions; he fears, as much as they, any forthright assertions by the Indian people. Left elements in the Congress are increasingly disturbed by his tactics. In a recent trip through Bengal, Gandhi is reported to have been heckled. On one occasion, he was greeted by a black-flagged procession, a sign of popular criticism and impatience.

Farm Disaster

AN increasingly acute farm crisis hovers over the nation. The European war has slashed agricultural exports; the British are buying in their own sterling area to conserve foreign exchange for munitions. American exports jumped 75 percent in January 1940 over those of a year ago; but only cotton shares this rise, all other farm products have fallen. While prices fluctuate slightly, the cost of industrial commodities has increased and the Department of Agriculture admits that domestic demand for farm produce is unfavorable in 1940. Farm cash income fell to $8,500,000,000 in 1939; two years earlier, it was $9,700,000,000. Foreclosure sales were the highest in five years during the first six months of 1939. While farm mortgage debt has decreased in the past decade, 20 percent of all farm values represent mortgages—the reduction can be accounted for by forced sales rather than debt liquidation.

Obviously, therefore, the farmers are restive. The Washington Commonwealth Federation recently scored the administration; the National Farmers Union is pushing a six-point program for direct farm aid. A new hegira of dispossessed "Okies and Arkies" is moving westward to monopoly-bound California where the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing and Allied Workers, CIO, has just opened a college to train migrants in union organization. The Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota has coined the cry: "End Stassenism!" in battle with the Republican administration. Increasingly, the farmers understand their relation to the city workers. Their plight can be relieved by political alliance with the labor movement; by compelling the monopolies, munitions trusts, etc. to "shell out" of their war-inspired profits.

For Civil Liberties

NOT easily will Americans give up their civil liberties. Four million members of 250 trade union, civic, fraternal, and church organizations were represented in Washington last week to fight the anti-alien legislation now before Congress. This was the fourth annual conference of the American Committee for the Protection of the Foreign Born. It adopted a declaration of principles which warns that an intolerant attitude toward aliens is the precursor of a general attack upon the rights of citizens. Growing discrimination against German-Americans was attacked as part of the drive toward American participation in war on the side of the Allies. An appeal to all organizations to fight the pending Dempsey, Hobbs, Smith, Hicks, and other bills was issued.

On the Pacific Coast, Theodore Dreiser, Carey McWilliams, and many state legislators, educators, authors, and public men signed a declaration against the administration's persecution of Earl Browder, William Wiener, Sam Adams Darcy, and William Schneiderman.

In New York, Dr. Harry F. Ward, for twenty years chairman of the American Civil Liberties Union, resigned from that organization in protest against the expulsion of Communist members from its executive board. Dr. Ward characterized this action as a surrender of "positions vital to the defense of civil liberties, positions whose constant defense under attack is the honorable record of the Union. I cannot go with them in this surrender."

Unholy Land

ONE week after newspapers cheered the arrival of a Jewish corps in France to fight for all the good things, the British government decreed the restriction of land purchases in three zones of Palestine. The pressure of landless Arabs provides the excuse; the fear that Jewish immigration will offset the Arab majority is the presumable reason. Reading between the lines, it's clear that things go poorly in the desert countries. Perhaps the Arabs are unwilling to fight for the glories of a greater Turkish empire; perhaps they resent virtual conscription in British colonial armies. Once again, Albion is revealed as something more than perfidious. But a further moral must be drawn: not only has London betrayed the Jews (presumably allies in the war against Germany) but the full bankruptcy of the Zionist leadership is disclosed. In May 1939 the White Paper finally nullified the Balfour Declaration; plans were made for the dismemberment of the Holy Land. Four months later, the war broke, and the Zionist leadership, without blinking an eye-lash, jumped into Chamberlain's pocket. We wonder what Father Coughlin will have to say: all the shrewd bargaining in this deal came from the British. Once the Jews in Palestine and elsewhere were safe for the Union Jack, they were betrayed. The imperialist boot is kicking those who cringed to lick it.

Profits vs. Jobs

TWO contrasting items tell the story of what's wrong with our social order. A survey of 476 representative American corporations reveals that in 1939 their profits rose by 77 percent over the year before, on the basis of a 22 percent increase in production. That is, these corporations made *almost $4 in profit on $1 of business improvement.* Among the leaders were the steel companies, jumping profits by more than $140,000,000; auto parts rose by 525 percent; railway equipment by 336 percent; chemicals, rubber, machine tool industries were in the van. Compare such information with the Department of Labor admission that 1,160,000 American workers were laid off in January 1940, among them 600,000 retail employees, over 15 percent of the total retail employees in the country! Consider the suffering these folk will endure when the Roosevelt budget slashes WPA relief further. Remember the fact that 87.5 percent of those fired from WPA last summer did not get jobs by November: here is the crisis of American life, the condemnation of war economy.

Turkish Question Mark

IF THE American press had been believed ten days ago, fighting at the Caucasian frontier had already begun. If the premier of Turkey is to be believed, that is out of the question. In a special broadcast last week, Dr. Refik Saydam, Turkish premier, declared: "Nothing indicates to us that the Soviet Union wants to undertake action against us . . . it is difficult, at the present time, to give assurances, but I may say frankly that we do not intend to undertake any action against the Soviet Union."

This may mean what it says, or exactly the opposite. After all, the Kamutay, the Turkish parliament, has decreed mobilization, exchange control, has conserved currency and is building railroads to the Soviet and Iranian borders. $340,000,000 was the price that Britain paid in loans and credits for the recent military pact. The Turkish foreign minister told

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the Balkan conference early in February that Turkey was a belligerent whose soldiers were not yet fighting. On the other hand, can it be that the young Turks are losing faith in the mirage of a trans-Caspian empire? Have they suddenly remembered that British troops once grabbed Mosul from the Turkish rear?

More Nails in French Coffins

FORTY-FOUR Communist deputies will, like Dimitrov at Leipzig, soon face a court which may sentence them to mass execution for their opinions. Honored Sen. Marcel Cachin has just been expelled from his elected post.

Forced labor for women has been decreed. Bakers must now mix bean flour with wheat flour—away goes the long, slim, light loaf of French bread.

In the French boulevard cafes the consumption of aperitifs is restricted—money must not be spent on liquor, or on food—but on battleships, planes, guns. Havoc has been wrought in the budget by war expenditures: national income for 1939 was 64,000,000,000 francs, war costs have exceeded 188,000,000,000 francs in six months. How avoid depreciation in the rich man's gold? By tightening your belt, *mon ami* . . . by working harder, *mon cher* . . . by dying, *mon soldat,* for the France which once cherished liberty but now is organized only to defend the super-profits of Schneider-Creusot, Regnault, and the Comite des Forges.

More Twaddle, FDR?

FRANK RINALDI, 16, jumped from the window of a YMCA building in New York. He said he was to become the father of a child and saw no possibility of supporting a family. "I tried to get a job, but I was unable to do so," he wrote. "Life has become unbearable."

Life became unbearable to Edward W. Talbert, unemployed Negro youth of New York, who had studied electrical engineering. After two years' search for work, he rigged up an ingenious contrivance and electrocuted himself. In Kansas City, eleven-year-old Harry Larsen grew tired of a life in which mush was all his mother could afford for food. He refused a last meal and hanged himself. A rejection slip, last of a long series, drove Baxter Pickering, radio writer, to end his life. Death in prison faces two sixteen-year-old Massachusetts lads who were sentenced to life imprisonment for a 45-cent robbery.

These tragedies occurred during the past few days when jobless rolls were rapidly increasing, while the business index continued to tumble and life seemed less desirable than death to many.

Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen has offered a solution: "This country would have been better off in the depression," he said on March 3, "if our youth had been put in the army and navy. . . ." Mr. Roosevelt has not yet been quite so frank.

Readers' Forum

Ancient History

TO NEW MASSES: I have just received a notice from the *Atlantic Monthly,* offering me a special rate for a seven-month subscription, apparently because a story appears in the current issue written by a former student of mine in a short story course. I am glad her work is being published. But before subscribing, I thought I'd buy a copy of the current issue, and look it over—besides reading the story.

I happened upon a "Diary of Captivity" by a Polish nurse. I read here and there, assuming that the nurse was functioning in the present disturbances (or rather, the disturbances of a few months ago). I found that, despite her hatred of the Bolsheviks, she tried to dissuade one of the "brutes" from drinking off a beaker of ether, which would have killed him. So eager was he for intoxication! He seemed moved by her solicitude, and offered to shake hands, but she refused, and he, diluting the poison, drank, and lay for twenty-four hours on the floor, dead drunk, but got up quite well. A very sturdy race, the Bolsheviks. I felt impressed, but also a little confused, for the behavior of this Bolshevik didn't fit in with my personal impressions of Red Army soldiers. I looked up the contributors, and found that the events recorded in the "Diary" took place twenty-two years ago, but this "in no way detracts from its enduring emotion." "The translation, which was made in Poland," remarks the Contributors Column, "is somewhat reminiscent of Conrad's English." What a lot of other things it is reminiscent of. . . .!

The effect is to dissuade me from becoming one of "the *Atlantic's* family" (I don't mind being an occasional guest), and to hasten my contribution (swollen by the special subscription offer amount) to the NEW MASSES Sustaining Fund. Good luck.

DOROTHY BREWSTER.

New York City.

Frank Murphy

TO NEW MASSES: During the agonizing days between the last postponement and the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti in 1927, I visited Frank Murphy in his Recorder's courtroom. As a representative of the International Labor Defense and the Detroit Federation of Labor Sacco and Vanzetti Defense Committee, I asked him to speak or issue a statement on the case. He admitted the gravity of the situation, but said he had spoken on the issue some months before and that sufficed for the record. He was distinguishing with a fine judicious sense between the effort to save the victims of a frameup, and the record of Frank Murphy, political climber. Mr. Murphy turned quickly to other matters; he told me he was currently studying the lives of four outstanding American political figures—none of them Jefferson, Lincoln, Paine, or Jackson. He inquired if I knew Maurice Sugar and remarked (rather wistfully, I thought) that Maurice was the one person he knew who acted always on principle and never on expediency. Maurice had gone to jail in World War I. Murphy had become a captain.

Some four years later I represented the Unemployed Councils of Detroit as secretary and accompanied a delegation from Fisher Lodge Single Men's Shelter to Mayor Murphy to present grievances. Mayor Murphy pushed aside the issues at hand and devoted himself to a brazen attack on the unemployed movement as Communist-led, warning the men against me and others. I cut in with a sharp attack on his apple-selling campaign and his general substitution of demagogy for effective relief. When the interview ended he called me aside and, with an air of injured innocence, asked me why we always "cut into him so sharply." I answered (no doubt too frankly) that the path to the solution of our working class problems lay, politically speaking, over his dead body. He smiled and said he understood. The newsmen hovering near caught only part of the exchange, and the noon papers came out with headlines saying I had threatened the mayor. In the afternoon Murphy called in the press and stated that no threat whatsoever was involved. But he must have had a second thought, or further advice, about the situation's possibilities for political capital; he stated next morning that "Reynolds may have intended a personal threat."

The other time that I met Frank Murphy I was able to secure seats for him and a lady friend at a crowded radical meeting.

With these experiences as a touchstone, it hasn't been difficult for me to understand the shifts of Murphy from liberal phrases to repressive action. At the beginning of the period, Murphy and Hoover offered the unemployed apples to sell; today they join in offering the American people a war. Michigan's man of destiny has shown fast footwork over the broken political ground of the last decade. He is still on his way places, and he doesn't care whom he steps on to get there.

WILLIAM REYNOLDS.

Berkeley, Calif.

Epitaph

TO NEW MASSES: We were making verses the other night and I got this one out. The citizens thought you might be interested in it.

REQUIESCAT IN PAX BRITANNICA

A moment, friends, for Sheean, Fischer, Bates—
The rather less than least heroic dead—
To breathe the epitaph that seals their fates:
These fools rushed in where Engels feared to tread.

Incidentally, the work you're doing these days will be judged in its true light in the sequel; posterity will say you did a monumental job.

"OVID."

Hollywood, Calif.

"Oh, Stay at Home"

TO NEW MASSES: I ran across a poem by A. E. Housman that seems very appropriate and supplementary to the current slogan "The Yanks Are *Not* Coming!"

"Oh stay at home, my lad, and plough
The land and not the sea,
And leave the soldiers at their drill,
And all about the idle hill
Shepherd your sheep with me.
Oh stay with company and mirth
And daylight and the air;
Too full already is the grave
Of fellows that were good and brave
And died because they were."

J. R.

Philadelphia.

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New Masses Is Home

Ruth McKenney describes the readers' and writers' meeting to defend New Masses. What George Seldes said. What Arthur Kober said.

A SLIGHT, earnest Negro stood at the speakers' stand.

Twenty-five hundred people, jam-packed into every corner of Webster Hall, subsided into a soft rustle.

"NEW MASSES is home," George Murphy said. "It can never die."

He spoke, suddenly, into a profound silence. The weary men, fresh from subway ticket booths, from file-clerk cubbyholes in big insurance firms, froze motionless. The girls, frail and pretty, their faces tired from the endless typing jobs; the women, heavy with worry over their husbands' jobs and the rent and how to feed the family on so little —all these people turned now to George Murphy, looked deeply into his face.

"No one can know what NEW MASSES means," George Murphy said quietly, "who has never——"

And then he told a few simple stories. Not the stories he could have told, of blood, and agony and despair, not stories of lynching and hunger. Hardly raising his voice, with only a brief gesture, with perfect economy of word, he told about the ordinary, everyday things that happen to a Negro in the United States of America, in 1940.

"But here," he said finally, "but here, I am at home."

In the hushed audience women brushed away tears, men looked suddenly at their scuffed shoes.

"NEW MASSES," George Murphy said, "carries on the traditions of the Abolitionists, of Frederick Douglass. If NEW MASSES dies, my people, already the most oppressed in America, are doubly, freshly oppressed. NEW MASSES cannot die. *We will not let it die!*"

He walked away from the speakers' stand. The 2,500 people jumped to their feet. Bound together by an electric current more powerful than anything that ever went over high-tension wires, they exploded into a great, inarticulate sound. The word in the dictionary for it is "cheering," but a better word must be invented. It was a sort of promise, a pledge, a communion with the man who had just finished speaking: *"We will not let it die!"*

HISTORIC DATE

This was the "Defend NEW MASSES" meeting, held Monday, Feb. 26, 1940. I write down the date exactly, because I know it was a meeting to make history.

The editors of the magazine came a little after eight o'clock. They were afraid to come before. The meeting had hardly been advertised at all. Hastily arranged, perhaps it was hopeless to expect more than, say, five hundred people. Five hundred would be fine. The valiant five hundred.

And when we fought our way into the hall, there were 2,500. Hundreds went away because there was literally no longer any standing room.

This was the answer of NEW MASSES readers to the FBI and Attorney General Jackson and President Roosevelt. They want to suppress our magazine because we tell the truth about the war (and, incidentally, about many other things in this country). They have harried our editors, calling them to appear on all sorts of ridiculous legalistic charges in Washington. They have threatened indictments.

Three Messages

REALIZING in recent governmental repressive acts civil war to end American democracy has begun, I declare myself unequivocally on side of democratic constitutional government, the Constitution's Bill of Rights, and the rights of NEW MASSES under the Constitution.

ROCKWELL KENT.

ALTHOUGH I am *not physically strong* enough to be at the meeting, I am *unqualifiedly strong* for the purpose of it—the continued life of NEW MASSES.

ART YOUNG.

NEW MASSES, and all publications of its kind in America, are threatened because one great country in the world (Russia) has determined to organize all its material properties and productive forces on a basis of service rather than profit to all citizens whatever their age, sex, language, or race—that is, share according to their need. Your attacker in America is a minority group of profit seekers who have seized practically all of America's productive forces and resources and are determined to take all the profits of the same for themselves. NEW MASSES has dared to speak to all laboring Americans concerning this truth and therefore is being threatened by this profit group. At this time, however, I believe that the American masses can be no longer deceived by such brigand tactics. Our profiteers have already tortured the people to a point where they are about ready to recapture what rightly belongs to all of them collectively and to use it for the national good. Naturally I protest on your behalf as well as on that of the millions here who have been so tortured.

THEODORE DREISER.

[illegible]ur readers gave them the answer: *We [illegible]ot let New Masses die.*

[illegible]e was no spiritless crowd, assembled t[illegible]n a beloved corpse. Here was a fighti[illegible]ence, full of good humor, ready to roar at the jokes and cheer the manifestoes.

NEW MASSES FRIENDS

The platform was crowded with NEW MASSES friends, editors, writers, cartoonists. The names of those who appeared on Monday, Feb. 26, 1940, to defend NEW MASSES will some day be written down on a special honor roll. For there were men conspicuous by their absence, "liberals" who hauled down the flag when the enemy guns hove into view. Nobody mourned their absence, for caution is not a lovely thing, even to the man who practices it, and a coward can't have a very entertaining home-life.

Maurice Becker, who has drawn for NEW MASSES since it was founded in 1911, remarked on the well known locomotive of history and its interesting casualties. The crowd laughed back, scoffing with him at the gentlemen who have found it convenient to turn tail and run.

Joe North set the tone for the meeting as he outlined NEW MASSES' plan to fight—fight —fight against suppression, but John Spivak really revealed the temper and quality of the "Defend NEW MASSES" meeting when he stood up to take the collection. For John Spivak raised $740 in about fifteen minutes —$740 from a working-class and white-collar crowd. Hoover can get his millions from Rockefeller, but who except NEW MASSES could ask $740 from people to whom every dollar meant a sacrifice?

After that collection the people on the platform felt dwarfed and humbled. Dear reader. It's an old expression, but it's the only one. Dear reader. If the magazine means that much to you, then we don't work hard enough at it, we've got to make it better, we can't let it go down, we simply can't. Dear reader.

George Seldes spoke. To friends of his, that's the best description of the kind of meeting it was. George Seldes broke a steadfast rule—he never speaks from a platform, anywhere. But as the evening went along, George couldn't resist the spirit, the mood of the crowd. Finally he stood up, to an immense ovation, a tribute to his skill and courage and integrity, an ovation to the spirit of the man who has turned his back on money and fame and the plaudits of the newspapers to tell the truth. It may be that George Seldes is no speaker—he says so—but Monday night he

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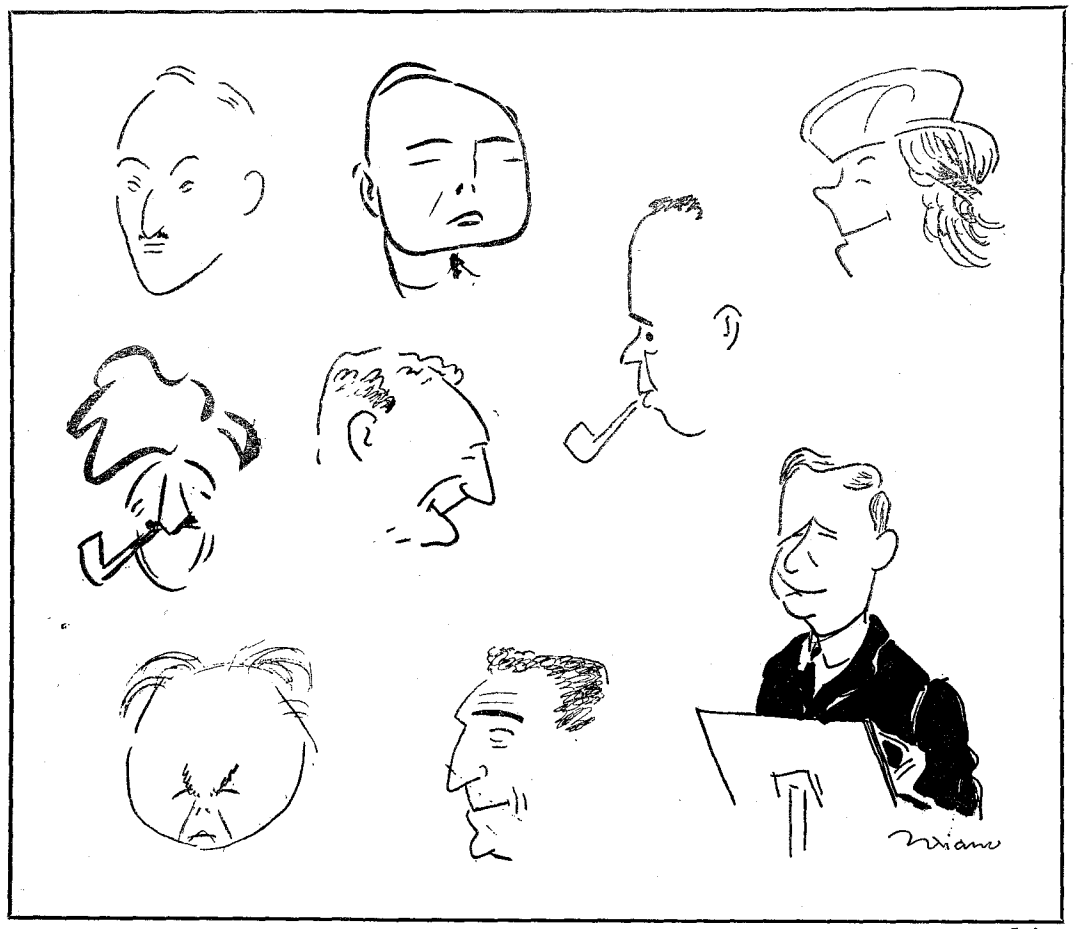

Soriano

AMONG THOSE PRESENT. *Soriano caught these speakers from his seat in the front row at Webster Hall, last Monday night. George Seldes is at the upper left. Next to him is Arthur Kober. Down a bit is George Murphy with his pipe. Then Ruth McKenney. Isidor Schneider (with the hair and the pipe) and Collection Speaker John Spivak are in the second row. At the bottom are Maurice Becker, Editor Joseph North, and (at the rostrum) Edwin Berry Burgum, who acted as chairman.*

made a great speech, carrying the audience with him in cheers and laughter and a final great burst of applause.

"Save NEW MASSES," he said. "It is one of the few places left in our country where a writer can tell the truth."

ARTHUR KOBER

When Arthur Kober was introduced, you could feel the crowd almost talking to him; the whole audience took a sort of proprietary interest in Arthur Kober—their Arthur Kober, the man who has defended them and fought for them and worked for them.

"I pace the floor with the *New Republic*," Kober said, sketching in a fine picture of himself wearing out the carpet, a *New Republic* in one hand, a dictionary in the other. "Every time I read a good piece in it, the editorial disavows it. They must have a special fence down there, about twenty feet wide, with plenty of room for the whole staff to sit on. I read NEW MASSES because I know what they're talking about. It gives me peace!"

The meeting ended late but nobody noticed it. The chairman had to say what time it was before the crowd came out of their mood and reached for their hats. All evening long we sat there, laughing and crying a little and feeling warm and good and belligerent. We cheered the messages from Theodore Dreiser —he sent a wonderful one—and Rockwell Kent and a dozen others.

In a way, I think everybody will remember those messages longest. And George Murphy, who said, "NEW MASSES is home. It can never die."

RUTH MCKENNEY.

Silver Charlie

SHRINE OF THE SILVER DOLLAR, *by John L. Spivak. Modern Age Books. $2.*

BEFORE John Spivak wrote his expose of Father Coughlin, the intelligent and alert part of the American public was well aware of many general facts; for example:

That Father Coughlin broke at least one of the Ten Commandments; he was a bearer of false witness, and had been denounced for it by no less a good Catholic than Al Smith.

That Father Coughlin is an enemy of labor; that his church buildings were erected by scabs who were paid 40 percent below the union rate; that his printing is non-union; that AFL unions have denounced this policy; that Coughlin has baited the CIO.

That Father Coughlin violates canon law—something that may not bother us at all but should interest his superiors, who have always been able to silence priests that spoke or worked for liberal causes, but who seemingly can do nothing about reactionaries and fascists. They might consult the Rev. Father Edward V. Dargin, JCD (*Ecclesiastical Review,* July 1935).

That Father Coughlin is a liar. This is a harsh word, but in this case it has been used by notable and respectable persons and institutions. The Rt. Rev. Msgr. John A. Ryan, professor at Catholic University of America, in exposing Coughlin's anti-Semitic frauds and forgeries (*Commonweal*, Dec. 30, 1938), accused the radio priest of every synonym for lying.

That Father Coughlin fathered the Christian Front. He could not very well stick to his first disavowal, since his published sermons (Nov. 6, 1938—Jan. 1, 1939) announce the Christian Front on page 14. The use of physical force against Communists is predicted on page 15.

That Coughlin has preached civil war in America. The liberal Catholic weekly, the *Commonweal,* said of this incitement to violence (Oct. 9, 1936): "The radio priest had said . . . that if ballots failed to put down communistic tendencies bullets would be in order. In Detroit, Bishop Gallagher thought, according to the Associated Press, that the use of bullets against a hypothetical 'upstart dictator' of Communist persuasions was perfectly legitimate. He therefore gave the impression that he did not consider Father Coughlin 'morally in error.' . . . The bishops are the custodians of Catholic moral teachings."

That Coughlin is a real fascist demagogue. The fact that he cooperated and was friendly with Huey Long, then America's chief potential fuehrer, was approvingly announced by Father Thorning in *America,* Jesuit organ, on April 13, 1935. Evidence of Father Coughlin's leaning toward Hitlerism (in addition to his verbatim use of Hitler propaganda) appeared in his *Social Justice* writings over a period of years.

Most of these facts have been pretty well known in America—to everyone, apparently, except the Catholic Church and the civil authorities. As for the Ten Commandments and canon law, that was a matter for the bishops, and for the Roman Catholic Church, which considers itself infallible in faith and morals; but somehow they found no time to examine the faith and morals of a purveyor of falsehoods, a liar, and a distributor of forgeries first denounced by the Catholic Church —the notorious "Protocols of Zion." However, when it came to preaching bullets instead of ballots, that was a matter for the corner police and the FBI, those same forces which are so quick to leap at a technicality or an innocent error in order to victimize a liberal, a radical, or a Communist, a pacifist or a humanitarian intent on showing up the present warmongering hysteria. In the case of Coughlin the authorities have refused to act. Can it be fear of reprisals? Or is it just ye old-fashioned hypocrisy?

If the authorities claim they have had no evidence to go on, that excuse is invalidated by John L. Spivak's *Shrine of the Silver Dollar*. Not only technicalities, but general documentation is presented; legal experts as well as laymen believe that the evidence warrants at least an investigation if not an indictment.

Moreover, this book is much more than a presentation of evidence. Spivak remains the

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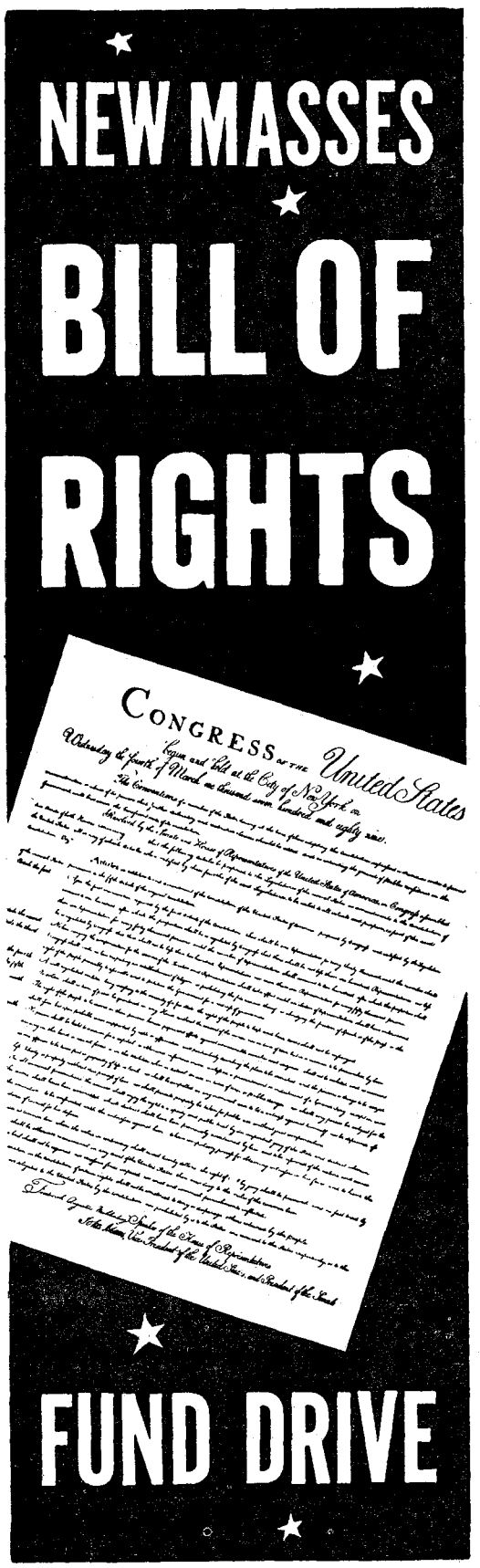

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best reporter in the country because of his double faculty of combining evidence with interest, facts with sensation. Many persons can produce documents, many more persons can write interestingly (although they may have nothing to say); but few persons can put drama into the matter, can make the presentation of documentary evidence an adventure for the reader. Spivak does this better than anyone I know.

Shrine of the Silver Dollar also shows up Coughlin's meanness. We are used to hypocrisy in political life; we are not surprised by pusillanimity and deceitfulness in public affairs; but, while we expect considerable nonsense in many pulpits, it must still be shocking in this conventional world where pretense rules, to find such petty, tricky, mean behavior by a priest. Can Coughlin be speaking the same language as the late Cardinal Mundelein or the present Monsignor Ryan? Or be a member of the same sect?

Father Coughlin's plea that all his dealings in silver and his railing against gold (in which there was no profit for him) were intended *ad majorem Dei gloriam,* are shown up in Spivak's book as pretty much of a sham. Whether it was to gratify his lust for power, to pay for a political movement, or to satisfy some need in his sadistic mind, we can easily guess; but all the speculations in Wall Street and all the big money affairs of this preacher had nothing to do with the greater glory of God. They resulted mainly in opening new channels for perverted propaganda.

No one has dispensed more opium for the people of America than Father Coughlin. But the opium Marx spoke of was a synonym for dope, a producer of false feelings. Coughlin goes further. He gives his millions of readers and listeners not so much a shot of falseness, as a dose of poison for the mind.

Coughlin is entitled to his freedom of the press and air, his civil liberties. But according to the evidence presented by Spivak and others he should also be placed on trial by the ecclesiastical and civil authorities. Read this book and you'll know why.

GEORGE SELDES.

Reportage on China

HUMANE ENDEAVOR, *by Haldore Hanson. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.*

HALDORE HANSON got out of a Northfield, Minn., college in the NRA days, a member of the Lost Generation. Six months later, he found himself in the Far East, studied in Japan, freelanced in China, covered the outbreak and development of the China War. He has written a swift-moving, informative volume about it.

In 1934-35, the China Hanson saw was a much different place from what it was to become. Chiang Kai-shek was yielding the northern provinces to Japan while engaged in the sixth of his anti-Communist extermination campaigns. Fatalism, commingled with a superiority complex, pervaded the people with whom Hanson lived. Within three years all that had changed. This volume chronicles that change, the kind of renaissance of an entire people which only a war for democracy and national liberation can bring to pass. Hanson covered the beginnings at Marco Polo bridge. He describes in detail the incompetence of old China toward the invader; the treachery and criminal negligence of the species *homo war lordus:* Sung Cheh-yuan, who gave up Peiping; Han Fu-chu, who gambled with Shantung Province and lost. It was not until the mid-winter of 1937-38 that China was persuaded to organize its resistance on a scientific basis, upon sound theoretical foundations. Mao Tse-tung, leader of the Chinese Communist Party, worked it out in his famous address of Oct. 12, 1938: first, organized retreats, partial battles, the development of guerrilla warfare until economic exhaustion and international pressure bring the war to a stalemate. This is the second stage, now taking place. After which, with careful organization, the expansion of internal democracy and military industry, the counter-attack and crushing of the enemy into the sea will begin. It is not surprising, then, that Hanson devotes some of his best reporting to guerrilla warfare. He visits the vast partisan areas, completely encircled by Japanese troops, like the mythical Mt. Wutai republic: equal in size to Massachusetts, supported by fourteen million people, in radio contact with the Central Command. Like so many other American correspondents, Hanson was fascinated by the Chinese Communists, visited their academy at Yenan, interviewed their leader, Mao. These interviews again evoke wondrous respect for Mao's cool, sober, economized, modest, precise, *Bolshevik* qualities.

THE JAPANESE

One of the distinctive aspects of the book lies in its discussion of the Japanese. Hanson lived in their country before going to China, participated in the sports of their nervous, ambitious youth, slept in their paper and wood homes, held together, he says, by gravity and hypnotism. Economic and psychological considerations are skillfully interwoven: imminent crisis impelled the militarists to war, a sense of messianic mission sugars their lowered living standards for the Japanese people.

Hanson pities Nippon's people, doubts their ability to throw their burdens off. Statistical summaries give substance to the reporting. His passage on what the war has cost Japan, what the United States has done to help her, and why she cannot win makes an excellent balance to more dramatic chapters like that on the sack of Nanking.

Think of our planet on a planetary scale and the events in China of the past three years stand out as perhaps the most decisive of the decade. Think of the popular reawakening, the courage of principle, the emergence of 400,000,000 people: together with Spain, here is the greatest story of the decade.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

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Lusty—and Empty

DECADE: 1929-1939, *by Stephen Longstreet. Random House. $2.50.*

HERE is a story of the last ten years as they affect a big business family, its friends and servants. All the reviewers so far have had a word for it—"lusty." It is a screaming, locomotive rush of headlines, news clips, montage effects, panic, depression, war, weddings, birth and death, speakeasies, gangsters, debutante parties, Hoover, Roosevelt, finance capital, demagogues, Wall Street scandals . . . the world "going to hell in a hack," as old John Christian Rowlandson, the chief character, likes to say.

Lustiest of all is John Christian, whose eighty-eighth birthday coincides with the Big Crash that topples the Rowlandson Corp. You are supposed to admire him: the humorous, vigorous, sometimes ribald, shrewdly philosophical, loyal type of big capitalist. As a matter of fact, he is a loud, opinionated, cocky old robber who knows everything and understands nothing. His sympathy toward loyalist Spain, the obverse of his scorn for Franco (because foxy grandpa, who founded a corporation, knows Character and can spot a phony) is slightly offensive.

SUPPORTING CAST

The Old One, as John Christian's family and friends call him, dominates the book, with a supporting cast that includes a lustily hardworking grandson-in-law whose heart gives way under the effort to keep his plants open for the benefit of the workers; a lusty Hungarian cook who sticks by the family through hard times; two lusty Irish servants that marry and produce a baby a year; a brave granddaughter holding the home together with the proceeds from her swank bridge club; and a great-grandson who runs away from Harvard, bums around the country, and is killed in Spain. There are one or two mentions of the Rowlandson Corp. wage earners —such as, "The wives of the hunkies worried and the worried hunkies beat their worried wives."

The most interesting character, rebellious young Chris Mather, is sketchily drawn and seems to have been created because, after all, there were some rebels in the thirties and a war in Spain where Americans got killed.

All of the people in this book are more or less familiar; you have met them in other books and in "human interest" newspaper stories. That is one reason why the author, who jitterbugs over two continents, covering every year of a decade, manages to leave such an empty feeling. Another is his prose —noisy, staccato, shrill with the strain of adjectives and "effects." Occasionally, when he relaxes, you glimpse the possibilities of a writing that might have been rich and instructive instead of just lusty. He is too hard on his nerves, not confident enough of his heart and mind.

BARBARA GILES.

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Lincoln for President!

Robert Sherwood's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," another great movie that smashes Hollywood's commercial tradition . . . Zola, Renoir, and Gabin . . . Disney's second opus.

THE picture that Max Gordon and RKO have made of Robert Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* is not filmic in its conception, but reaches the movie audience as the best and most explicit political film made in this country. It is exact enough in its message to win comparison with the Soviet film biographies of Lenin. The drama concerns Lincoln's life from his first adventure in the wide world on a Mississippi flatboat and takes him to the platform of the train leaving Springfield for Washington in 1860. These were truly formative years in the new nation and in the soul of Lincoln, when the crisis of the baronial South confronted democracy and those democrats who needed to learn as John Brown had learned in his apostolic passion, that "slavery could not be purged from this guilty world except by blood." Lincoln's indecision which plagued the war years was more pronounced in his younger life, and Robert Sherwood, learning from Billy Herndon's papers, has made this the personal theme of his story. I cannot call the play a brilliant piece of work but it is an honest and unflinching one. A better play would have forgotten the nonsensical Ann Rutledge business and would have taken Lincoln to the slave market in New Orleans instead. Some scholars think Ann is a fiction anyhow, hung on Lincoln by some sentimental Parson Weems.

THE ABOLITIONISTS

Billy Herndon, cruelly misportrayed in the film, was one of that implacable Abolitionist band of Osawatomie John Brown, Thad Stevens, Wendell Phillips, John Sumner, Elijah Lovejoy, William Lloyd Garrison, and others whose names are forgotten, whose position in the vanguard of American democracy is held by the Communists today. To them Lincoln was sometimes a vacillator but the leader of the anti-slavery front and a man to be constantly spurred on to necessary deeds. Sherwood realizes this situation and the picture is thus uncommonly acute in revealing the actual historical forces of the period.

Raymond Massey, in the title role, gives an excellent and craftsmanlike characterization of the changing Lincoln. There are few historical tableaux and flourishes of symbols rather than facts in this film.

When Lincoln rises to answer Douglas' chauvinistic and compromising speech in Springfield, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* becomes twice as important as all the blather roaring out of Washington today. It is a speech made up of part of the actual speech on the spot and part of the first inaugural address, and it makes the comfortable audience in the Music Hall squirm in their seats. Like Louella Parsons, they suspect Lincoln couldn't have said, "This country with its institutions belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they can exercise their constitutional right to amend it or their revolutionary right to dismember and overthrow it." If Earl Browder had said that he would have been arrested for treason.

Like John L. Lewis answering the annoyed Mr. Roosevelt, Lincoln's speech has the punch of an extemporaneous talk, rather than the conversation of written ones like the Gettysburg Address. It is the great climax of a great movie.

James Wong Howe has photographed the film superbly despite the few passages conceived as film. One of these, Lincoln's return to the ghostly New Salem, is beautiful pantomime. Director John Cromwell handles his picture well for he is one of our film's best, and he plays John Brown captured in the arsenal for a stirring episode. Ruth Gordon as the ambitious shrew, Mary Todd Lincoln, contributes much to the unusual picture of a great man's family life. The first episodes in New Salem give a lusty view of the frontier, with an old veteran of the Revolution berating his sissified contemporaries, and Bully Jack Armstrong, vigorously played by Howard Da Silva, lording it around town.

Abe Lincoln in Illinois is an extraordinary and important film, taking its place on the democratic screen with *The Grapes of Wrath, Of Mice and Men,* and *Juarez,* as the brightest achievements of an otherwise evasive medium.

"THE HUMAN BEAST"

Jean Renoir's latest film, *The Human Beast,* is a disappointment. Freely and originally adapted from Zola's *La Bete Humaine,* it is less worthy than the original, which was never better than *tour de force.* There is a certain likeness between the time the book was written, during the Franco-Prussian war, and France at present, but Renoir has evaded the positive and dramatic quality of the book's ending which had a troop train full of

ABE LINCOLN, *played by Raymond Massey, serving a neighbor-customer (Dorothea Wolbert), in his store at New Salem, Ill.*

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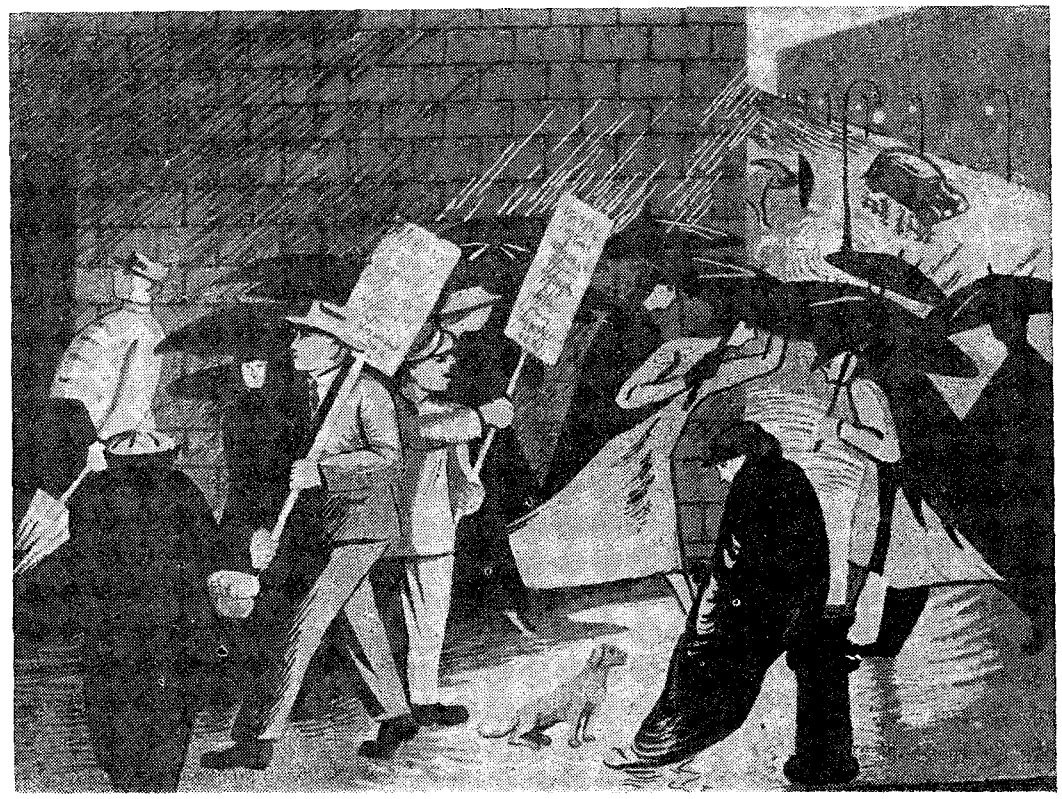
drunken conscripts running out of control, faster and faster, toward the front, with the engineer and fireman struggling in the cab of the engine. These last chapters of the book are wildly exciting writing, which Renoir gets into the film only at the beginning of his picture.

The time is the present and no hint is given here of the desperation of war which underlay Zola's feverish writing. Lantier, the engineer who has inherited generations of alcoholic insanity, is played by Jean Gabin with the impassive and complete conviction we expect from him. Yet a contemporary audience finds tremendous loopholes in Zola's pseudo-medicine. Severine, played by Simone Simon, is incompletely explained in the film, because of the reticence that even the French film must have in the case of a girl whose childhood was destroyed by enforced sex relations with her godfather.

Renoir's idea of setting the story in the present is a good one and he opens the story with a straight documentary essay on a railroad train. "Lison," the giant engine of Lantier, roars on her daily round and Renoir's camera perches resolutely on the tender to examine the details of the trip. These atmospheric qualities are fine but the story of fatal passions becomes sad and even repulsive. I was filled with a great distaste that the creator of *Grand Illusion* and *People of France* could make this shoddy shocker. Has art in France become completely morbid? *Port of Shadows* and *The Human Beast* are sick pictures for all their impressive effects. Renoir's personal indecision in the face of categorical problems is reflected distressingly in this film. If he worked in a healthy society he might be righted like Eisenstein after *Bhezin Meadow,* but France is a prison camp and the artists outside the barbed wire are freer with less honor than the Friedrich Wolffs within. Since *Grand Illusion,* which contains no elements of the weakness of this film, Renoir's art has retrogressed. How closely the wavering artist reflects his degenerate time.



SILK SCREEN PRINTS. *Harry Gottlieb's exhibition at the ACA Gallery in New York City from March 3 to 23 is the first one-man show in this medium. Demonstrations of the process will be held March 8 and 17 at 8:30 p.m. Mr. Gottlieb describes, in his catalogue in which he dedicates his show to popular art in America, the application of this stencil-type printing which has been in commercial use for some time to the production of fine prints: "A year ago the silk screen was unknown in the fine arts, although it had been used commercially for thirty years. Anthony Velonis saw its possibilities for fine color prints. The United American Artists and the Public Use of Arts Committee submitted plans for a silk screen unit in the WPA Art Project graphic division, which were accepted and put into operation under Velonis. He was thus our first teacher, and full credit should be his for the part he played in opening up a most exciting chapter in American art. Once more the Art Project proved its great social value for the American people. Since Currier and Ives, the color print has been non-existent as a popular art. Technical complexities connected with color lithography contributed to the decline. High cost of printing, cumbersome and expensive equipment, the difficulty artists had in learning a highly technical method—these resulted in small editions, at high prices. On the other hand, the silk screen process is easy to learn. The equipment is simple, light, and inexpensive. The artist in his own studio can print editions of one thousand, more or less, the last print as good as the first."*

"PINOCCHIO"

Disney's animators and in-betweeners and camera techniques improve with prodigality, and this is mistaken for increase in quality. *Pinocchio* shows evidence of the airbrush and a marvelous new plane camera that can be lowered from the clouds toward a distant cartoon city as effectively as the opening of a Rene Clair film. But what the hell goes on here? Fairytales.

From now on I'm against fairytales. Only Honest John, the confidence man (or confidence fox), has an element of satire; the rest of the film is the mawkish cast of cute puppets, genial old duffers, pretty kittens, and soprano fairy princesses, that Disney no longer inflicts on us in his short subjects. Donald Duck would have stolen the show, and Max Hare would have carried it away.

I question whether children, leaving Westbrook Pegler out of it for the moment, enjoy Disney's Uncle Walt act, and I saw precious few little people hopping up and down in joy on the balcony at the Center Theater. Are children as dumb as grownups think they are? I promise to get out of this controversy myself, and confront Disney's next feature with a qualified guest reviewer, aged seven, to speak the answer.

CIO COLOSSAL

"Mike," I can imagine the union leaders saying, "why don't you take that camera of yours and take some stuff of the picketline over at the GM Tool and Die strike? It'll buck the boys up and we can show it to other unions to get support for them."

Mike Martin, the auto worker who made the wonderful film, *United Action,* has turned out a documentary without any esthetic baloney whatsoever. The way it runs now, three reels with a sound track added later by the Frontier Films boys, his picture is fine reporting, and more, a movie that provides more pure entertainment than a dozen Hollywood squeakers. Here are the works of a strike—the giant organism the auto workers have built to fight the bosses—full of ingenuity, understanding, and efficiency. *United Action* depicts the 1939 strike of General Motors tool and die workers in the scattered plants around Detroit. There is little hurrah in the film, but it is an absorbing thing seeing the intelligent organization of a strike in all its aspects, farmer-worker, soup kitchens, the vital work of the ladies' auxiliary, the orderly picketlines, the GHQ of the strike, the negotiators, and that unique tank corps of the labor movement perfected by the auto workers—the flying squadron.

Mike nosed into tear gas and flying nightsticks, so close you can count the hairs in the cop's ears, and he catches the finest snaps of strikebreaking cops outside of early Soviet films. But this is only atmosphere. He just happened to be there when the cops rode in. He was there when the strikers decided to

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defy a picket ban and they come down the street in an army of men, women, and kids in the summer sun, and the kids strut past the fatal line before the rest just like Renoir's moppets peering into the Tuileries after the militia has breached the gates in *La Marseillaise*.

Earl Robinson's chorus sings on the sound track and the commentary is as factual as the picture. The union couldn't believe anybody else wanted to see the film, but they were convinced by nationwide squawks. So this Friday night, March 8, the Theater Arts Committee is going to show it at Manhattan Center at 8:30. I predict it will empty the balcony at *Pinocchio*.

JAMES DUGAN.

"Another Sun" Sets

Dorothy Thompson's first play, written with Fritz Kortner.

IN CONVERSATION and in print Miss Dorothy Thompson is an endlessly garrulous and generally monologist personality, and this questionable virtue she has carried over into the first play of her authorship. I am inclined to think that her co-author, the former distinguished actor Fritz Kortner, wrote the play, with considerable backseat writing from Miss Thompson. But there remains more Thompson than Kortner in the finished product.

This dramatic work concerns itself deeply with the plight of the German-Austrian-Italian refugees in this country, who have fled from brutal dictatorship and are trying to establish themselves beneath another sun. It is a serious and a dramatic problem, and Miss Thompson and Mr. Kortner have made a real attempt to deal seriously with their theme, in dramatic terms.

The German refugees with whom they are chiefly concerned are George Berndt and his wife, Maria, actors of the Berlin stage. Berndt was driven from his home when he refused to close a play in which he believed—it was written by a Jew. In America, he cannot learn English fast enough to keep alive; his wife puts pressure on him to return, and succeeds (through her special contacts with Nazi officials) in having him "pardoned" for his "offense." But when he learns of the death (in a Nazi concentration camp) of the Jewish playwright, he tears up Mr. Hitler's pardon and accepts a job making animal-noises on the radio.

You would not think from this summary that the play deserved serious consideration, but it does. It has many moments of genuine pathos (and sickly sentimentalism as well); it comes to grips with one aspect of the problems of a special group of refugees. Also present is an Italian emigre (anti-Mussolini), the Jewish playwright's wife (and American-born son); a Viennese soubrette, a Russian producer (Miss Thompson's expected anti-Soviet rubber stamp). Something of the suffering that exile enforces (whatever the special con-

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ditions that imposed it) is conveyed by the drama, but largely it is static, cliche, unarresting, talky, and immediately forgotten.

This play was undoubtedly written before Miss Thompson's column of February 23, and I invite your attention to that effusion as a curious example of intellectual and emotional dichotomy. In it, the peripatetic scribbler and irresponsible hysteric has effectively made the life of every German and Austrian refugee in this country forfeit. I am certain it was a considered piece, and that she would not have written it unless she was prepared to go the limit as a stoolpigeon. For in this column Miss Thompson explicitly implied that "anti-British and anti-French" (read anti-imperialist war) propaganda was being spread in America by German refugees who were released from concentration camps by France, when "they should have kept [them] locked up."

Several pleasant and talented refugees were given employment (for a few days) by Miss Thompson. Notably, Hans Jaray, Johanna Hofer, Adrienne Gessner, and Arnold Korff. Their compatriots will have occasion to curse Miss Dorothy Thompson's highly syndicated name.

"LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN"

John Van Druten once wrote a slight and tender play of adolescence, in which a young schoolboy fell in love with the wife of his teacher. In *Leave Her To Heaven,* at the Longacre (but soon to close), he is still interested in the theme of older-woman, younger-man, and this time chooses the middle-aged wife of an elderly man and her young chauffeur, as the agonists. It is valid material for dramatic treatment, but in the author's hands it comes out very thin and lies flat on the brush. Inept motivation, melodramatic treatment (probably designed to indicate subtle psychological understanding of human character), and undistinguished writing serve to provide a dreary evening.

Ruth Chatterton is an accomplished performer, but she can do little enough with this material. Her stage paramour, Edmond O'Brien, is so unfortunately cast and plays so violently that the audience cannot quite believe that any woman as charming as Miss Chatterton could give him a second glance. Come again, Miss Chatterton, but get some good advice before you pick another play.

"THE BURNING DECK"

There's nothing to say about Andrew Rosenthal's first play, *The Burning Deck,* except that the author is twenty-one, wealthy, and a passionate admirer of Noel Coward. His autobiographical hero is twenty-one, wealthy, and a passionate admirer of "Rex Wolfson." Strongly derivative, *The Burning Deck* exploited a group of expatriates and their dislocation from the world in which we live. They were a scurvy crew, and in their author's hands, quite uninteresting.

ALVAH BESSIE.

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